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LORD SALISBURY AT WATFORD.

A PROPER consideration for the feelings of his opponents has never been one of Lord SALISBURY's many good qualities. But it was certainly unkind of him to make the particular speech which he did make at Watford last Tuesday, and it is not surprising that it has annoyed Gladstonians. There are many painful experiences in this troublesome world; but, perhaps, there is none more painful than when you approach your fellow-creatures, be it in love or be it in hate, in a tempest of passion, to be met with matter-of-fact coolness or with ridicule cooler still. Now, for reasons best known to themselves and in manners best exemplified by Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, Gladstonians have been during the last week or two working themselves into a perfect delirium tremens of passion. They expected, it would seem, that Lord SALISBURY would meet the vein of King CAMBYSES in ERCLES' mood, that he would play DRAWCANSIR to their BOMBASTES. By wickedly assuming a quite different tone, he has, it seems, "sealed the fate of his government"—a sentence in keeping doubtless with former utterances from the same side, but otherwise a little destitute of meaning. All mortal things and persons (including Mr. GLADSTONE, though it seems to make Gladstonians frightfully wroth to hear this) are subject to decay, and a Government will, by the operation of nature and the British Constitution, come to an end in its sixth or seventh year, always provided that it is not returned to office by the constituencies. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT calls earth and heaven, if not also other places, to witness that in two years and a half about twenty per cent. of the Government majority has disappeared by the natural erosion of bye-elections, and expresses himself content that the process shall go on. As that would carry us to about the year 1900, Sir WILLIAM's aspirations almost amount to impious contempt of the Septennial Act.

But, independently of his refusal to come and be killed like a good duck, Lord SALISBURY said many other things of the cool common-sense kind which must have maddened the devotees of that Guillotine whose Anacreonship appears to be in commission between Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. HARRISON. To be reminded of the strict and literal truth that the Government have no more to do with the letters than they have, let us say, with the shares of the Comptoir d'Escompte; to be reminded that the letters themselves, first of all, have not been proved to be forged, and, secondly, may not impossibly be rather interesting documents even if somebody forged them; to have the, let us say, misstatements which passed unnoticed, or were greedily swallowed, when Mr. PARNELL offered them to the yelling crowd of maudlin Kali-worshippers at St. James's Hall set right; all this is bad. To be reminded of what Mr. O'BRIEN is really in prison for is worse; but, it would seem, the description of Mr. O'BRIEN's "tragic nudity" is worst of all. Why? If the nudity is not a fact, what becomes of their contention? If it is not tragic, why did they howl at St. James's Hall? Is it going to be argued by the HARCOURTS and the HEALYS, the TANNERS and the TREVELYANS, that Mr. O'BRIEN did not "lie on his back and "kick at the warden"? Then why those tears? The truth, of course, is that directly the facts are put in cool, plain English—the facts about the letters, the facts about Mr. O'BRIEN, the facts about Lord CARNARVON's not very wise proceedings, the facts about the supply of evidence to the *Times*, the facts about any and every one of the things which form the texts of Gladstonian-Parnellite bluster—their absurdity is patent. The flowers of eloquence cannot stand the east wind of simple, unadorned description; the "facts" shrivel up into fictions, the passion passes from blown-up-bladder portliness to the ghastly pendent rags of

the bladder that has burst. No more curious attempt has been made even in this curious time than the attempt to carry a great political question by the kind of raving rant which has spread upwards from halfpenny gutter journals to Privy Councillors, and which is called "virile passion," and so forth, by its practitioners. And there is no better specific against this rant—nothing, indeed, more destructive of it—than the cool, good-humoured ridicule of which Lord SALISBURY is luckily a master.

THE TACTICS OF THE OPPOSITION.

THE debates of the last two or three days in Committee of Supply have thrown ample light on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's motives in declining the eminently fair offer made to him by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY earlier in the week. Sir WILLIAM does not want to move a vote of censure on the Government in respect of any one of the multitude of misdeeds which he imputes to them, or even of all their transgressions put together; he does not want a day or days for the discussion of such a motion; he is even unattracted by the undertaking of the Government to place a practically unlimited time at his disposal for the purposes of such a debate, if only he will for the present allow the necessary financial business of the country to proceed. All these favourable terms he has unhesitatingly rejected, and for the best of all reasons. He does not desire a set debate on the general conduct of the Government in which the Opposition would be compelled to state their whole case, in which Ministers would know all the points whereon they were to be attacked, and would be prepared with their whole case, and after which, and its ensuing division, his mouth would be stopped, for awhile at any rate. And he does desire—as, indeed, Mr. LABOUCHERE has been kind enough to avow on his behalf and on that of the whole Opposition—to raise and keep going a perpetual series of such disputes as occupied the House of Commons throughout the whole of Wednesday's and Thursday's sittings, and prolonged that of Tuesday until four o'clock on the following morning. The proceedings of Wednesday were, on the whole, perhaps the most instructive examples of the Opposition method. An attack on Mr. ANDERSON, replied to with sufficient force by the HOME SECRETARY; an attack on Dr. BARR, which was met less satisfactorily from the same quarter, Mr. MATTHEWS making the grave mistake of assuming that his opinion on Dr. BARR's fitness for prison inspection in Ireland was particularly called for, or would be especially valued; and, lastly, an attack upon nobody knows whom, in respect of a visit paid by PIGOTT to the convict DALY, under conditions precisely similar to those which regulate the admission of visitors to prisoners in all cases whatever. Upon the first of these attacks and on its disastrous repulse we shall say little; the assailed man himself having dealt with it in his transparently frank and straightforward letter to the *Times* in a manner far more effective than any official apology. Of Mr. ANDERSON's letter we need say no more at present than that it raises many most interesting questions with respect to the relations subsisting between that officer and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT when the latter was at the Home Office; and suggests that, if the Opposition propose to insist on this wholesale and public investigation of departmental secrets, the inquiry ought not to be subjected to too strict retrospective limits. The dealings of Home Secretaries with agents of the type of Major LE CARON are, no doubt, determined in extent by the political circumstances of the time; but personal temperament also in some degree affects the question, and if Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was more reluctant than his predecessors to avail himself of

this species of services, or of any other that might contribute to his personal safety, all we can say is that popular repute has grievously maligned him.

An idler and emptier dispute than that on which the Opposition have wasted the time of Parliament in the case of Dr. BARR it would be impossible to imagine. Whether Mr. BALFOUR, by reading Dr. BARR's letter to the *Times*, did or did not give it what is ridiculously called his "imprimatur"; whether Mr. MATTHEWS knew when he censured him for writing to the newspaper that Mr. BALFOUR had seen his letter; whether the tone of the letter was all that could be desired; whether any exception could be taken to it on the score of taste; whether, when its author was attacked in the House of Commons, Mr. BALFOUR was not "honourably" bound to rise in his place and inform the House that he had read the letter—here are questions to occupy a deliberative assembly of reputedly sensible and practical men for the best part of an afternoon! It is not worth while to insist—though it is a fact obvious to any one who impartially studies the debate—that even the frivolous charges which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his backers sought to establish fell completely to the ground. It is not worth while to insist on this, because the whole discussion is as undeserving of serious criticism as the business itself was unworthy of serious discussion. If Dr. BARR ought not to have written the letter, if Mr. BALFOUR ought not to have read it, if the *Times* ought not to have printed it, if Mr. MATTHEWS ought to have more severely reprimanded the writer—if all these assumptions were as true as they are all unfounded, what then? Is the House of Commons on that account to be called upon to lend an indulgent ear to the complaints of the HEALYS and HARCOURTS against the possibly too little measured retort of a man who has, for months past, been made the mark for every malicious and mendacious missile that the aforesaid HARCOURTS and HEALYS have been able to launch at him? We all know, as Mr. BALFOUR said, with his usual refreshing directness, why Dr. BARR is attacked. It is because he has "exposed" all the rubbish that has been talked about the treatment "of so-called political prisoners in Ireland"; and we also know, to quote the CHIEF SECRETARY further, that as soon as hon. members below the gangway have marked out their victim Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT "comes forward as their 'executioner.'" The House of Commons, however, was never intended to be used as the stage for these continual attempts at the judicial murder of reputations. Dr. BARR's offences must be visited upon him by his enemies in other ways—in the Nationalist press, for instance, and on Radical platforms. Apart altogether from considerations of obstruction and waste of time, Parliament has no sort of right to lend itself to the vindictive attacks of baffled politicians upon private character. And perhaps it would have been as well if Mr. MATTHEWS, whose handling of this case has not been by any means happy from first to last, had refrained from assisting Dr. BARR's unscrupulous assailants by making any unfavourable, even if justifiable, criticisms on his letter.

The most noticeable point about the third head of attack made by Parnellites upon the Government is the persistence with which the Parnellites below the gangway have forced it upon the Parnellites on the Front Bench. It is pretty clear that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not nearly so much interested in the visit of PIGOTT to DALY as are Mr. HEALY and others who sit around him; but their pertinacity compels him to assume those airs of righteous indignation which he can put on at such short notice. Personally he would rather be talking about LE CARON and Mr. ANDERSON, about private information and secret-service money. We can understand these subjects possessing a fascination for him, especially when he is assisting Irish agitators to hunt down a once trusted subordinate of his own, and is wondering how far Mr. ANDERSON's rigid official loyalty will prevent him from defending himself as effectually as we suspect he could. But Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has to work the "PIGOTT and DALY" grievance as well as the LE CARON and ANDERSON grievance; so he added from time to time in his series of speeches a stone of his own to the Parnellite cairn of abuse and misrepresentation on this subject. It is the Parnellites below the gangway who show—not very discreetly, perhaps—so eager an interest in the communications which have passed between the former editor of an Irish Nationalist journal and a convicted dynamiter. In itself the whole outcry about this visit is of the hollowest description. The visit of PIGOTT to DALY was asked for, procured, and paid in a perfectly regular fashion;

and the proceeding from first to last shows as little trace of connexion with the *Times*, with the Government, or with any administrative department as it had to do with Mr. HEALY himself. What passed at the interview is another question, and some members of the Parnellite party may have their own reasons for their desperate anxiety as to what did pass. To the public, who are only concerned that justice should be done and that like facilities in these matters should be afforded to both parties, the incident has ceased to possess, if it ever had, any interest whatever. All the significance which it now retains for them—and in which, we are sorry to say, it resembles many other trivialities—is in its illustrative bearing on the conduct of that party whose leaders are riding these "bogus" complaints to death, with the view of obstructing public business to an intolerable pitch, and thereby—after some mysterious fashion which we cannot profess to know any more about than the PRIME MINISTER—to "force a dissolution." What they will force if they persevere in these tactics is, of course, only a wholesale application of the Closure; and they are going the way to predispose the public for the cordial reception of some such step.

GANDISH—NEW STYLE.

OUR young friend GANDISH has moved with the times. He is no longer content to apply, like his grandfather, for the patronage of the Colonel and Lord Kew in the drawing-room. Though not averse from putting on a good coat and going into society, he recognizes the fact long ago pointed out by the ingenious author of *GEORGE DE BARNWELL*, that the People is King, and appeals to his great patron in the most approved way and by the usual channel. He has been good enough to forward to the British press what in the times of his respected grandfather would have been called a puff. We commend his emancipation from certain old-fashioned prejudices, and have much pleasure in publishing the modest document, in which he not only informs us what pictures he is about to show, but supplies our young man who does the galleries with a ready-made criticism.

"Mr. GANDISH, junior, will send three pictures to the 'Royal Academy this season of incidents from British history."

"Taking advantage of the interest excited in historical matters by the recent Ancient History Exhibition which has just closed, Mr. GANDISH has selected new and appropriate subjects from these times of fierce hate and faithful love. The canvas, which, from its size and other claims to be considered high art, may be most safely trusted to attract general attention is the 'BOADICEA,' wherein the British Warrior Queen is depicted with magnificent power as ex-citing her faithful warriors to avenge the wrongs of their sovereign and country."

"'KING ALFRED IN THE NEATHERD'S HUT' shows that meek and majestic monarch gazing dreamily over the cakes on the hearth, while in the background the Royal officers are seen hastening to report the defeat of the Danes."

"More mystic in its treatment and novel in sentiment is the 'NON ANGLI SED ANGELI,' illustrating an incident which Mr. GANDISH has selected for its interest, and because he is aware that the subject will have for all visitors to the great yearly show the advantage of perfect familiarity. The blazing sun of Rome lights up one side of the slave market of the Capital of the World, and in the shade of an archway the venerable figure of the Pope, surrounded by ascetic ecclesiastics, may be seen looking, with an admirably depicted expression of missionary philanthropy, at a group of children, drawn with Mr. GANDISH's well-known mastery of the figure, who stand in the sunlight, while the Holy Father holds his famous conversation with the slave-merchant. A procession of Franciscan monks may be seen filing up the staircase of the Duomo in the background."

We have to thank Mr. GANDISH for supplying us with this particular and confidential information, and we note with satisfaction this sign that the British artist has shaken off that timidity and those retiring habits which for so long kept him in his notorious state of social and pecuniary depression.

ABOUT KENNINGTON AND LAMBETH.

ALTHOUGH few things are such ancient history as a week-old election, and although Gorton and Enfield have taken the position of interest occupied last week by Kennington, it would probably be regarded, and not unjustly regarded, as affectation if nothing were said about the Kennington election here. It is not necessary to say much about it; but if any one is anxious to know what were and what were not the true causes of the loss of the seat, he can be informed with the utmost brevity, and with an accuracy which, though it may not prevent contradiction, can certainly defy disproof. The famous PIGOTT matter supplied the material of skits and outeries, but it had, if not absolutely nothing to do with the result, yet so little that it may be called nothing. Indeed, had it had any, it would have been obviously impossible for Mr. BERESFORD-HOPE to increase, as he did, the previously victorious poll of his predecessor by two hundred votes. What really seated Mr. BEAUFOY was, in the first place, his own local interest and popularity, which have had three years to work against no corresponding efforts on the other side; in the second, the circumstances under which the late member resigned his seat, and the gross neglect of registration and other necessary work which had long preceded that resignation; in the third, the exertions of the new Socialist party, which is now an entity very seriously to be reckoned with by reasonable Gladstonians (if there be any such) as well as by Tories in all the more populous quarters of London. The return of Mr. JOHN BURNS to the County Council, and the consequent impulse given to Socialist hopes, have shown in this Kennington election their first fruits, but by no means their last.

It is not improbable, however, that the effect of Kennington on the Gladstonian party itself may be anything but wholly advantageous. It seems, among other things, to have bemused the already flustered faculties of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON in a very remarkable manner. Mr. HARRISON's third letter to the *Daily News* shows indeed (can we take to ourselves any credit for this?) a certain chastisement of style. There is rather less POTT-and-SLURK rhetoric in it than in its forerunners, and the bewildered mountain no longer blushes to find itself in possession of a core. But Mr. HARRISON's arithmetic comes to the rescue of his declamation. He has discovered at Kennington "a transfer of a thousand votes" from Conservatism, the fact being, as has been already mentioned, that Conservatism mustered two hundred votes more than before. Positivism, we had always thought, was founded on the sciences, as a university is founded on arts; but from the sciences on which it is founded arithmetic must, we suppose, be deducted in future. A man in such a state of political inflammation as Mr. HARRISON can probably do no more than just look at the reports of majorities, and assume that voters have been transferred instead of added. It is a small matter, for a seat lost is a seat lost whatever the way of losing; but still it shows the state of mind in which Mr. HARRISON proceeds to the act of what he calls "calmly weighing," and decides that "the dullest Tory sees the game is up." Perhaps; but what about the Tories who are not dull? Possibly Mr. HARRISON would deny the existence of any such in his present exalted mood. It would, indeed, be rather inconsistent if he did not. For that mood enables him to commit the far more singular absurdity of comparing Mr. PARNELL, not only to WILKES (there might be something in that), but to the Seven Bishops; and Mr. O'BRIEN not only to PRYNNE (there might be something in that), but to HAMPDEN. That is to say, Mr. HARRISON not only compares the present freely passed law of the land to unconstitutional exertions of power by the House of Commons and by Judges, by the Star Chamber and by the King, but he sweeps away as absolutely not worth consideration the difference of the causes for which, in each case, his heroes suffered. We must suppose that, by long indulgence in drams of his own eloquence, Mr. HARRISON has really forgotten that all the Irish Nationalists are really contending for is license to boycott, to steal, and to murder without interference from England. But, whatever disguising suit of clothes he can put upon these ugly verities, he must find it a little hard to drape and bedeck his O'BRIEN into a HAMPDEN, and his PARNELL into a KEN.

It is pleasant to turn from the spectacle of a really estimable man, drugged and maddened by frantic rhetoric and party spite, to the spectacle of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

There, at any rate, no pain mingles with the enjoyment of the comedy. Yet at Lambeth, as at Ely, the pleasure of observing Sir WILLIAM's oratorical progress is marred by a gap in the procession—by the absence of something which was impatiently waited for. We all expected (or did not expect) Sir WILLIAM to reply to Lord HARTINGTON in reference to that very interesting description of the methods of Parnellism as the methods of treason and assassination, to the characterizing of Parnellism as a vile conspiracy. And so unkind was Sir WILLIAM as actually to fool expectation to the top of its bent by saying that Lord HARTINGTON had challenged him at Islington, and that he, Sir WILLIAM, as becomes a true knight, is "always ready to accept a challenge." Far be it from us to deny that he is. But, as one of his own spiritual ancestors, a certain Captain BESSUS, might have argued if he had thought of it, to accept a challenge is by no means the same thing as coming on the ground, and to come on the ground is by no means the same thing as drawing, still less as crossing, swords. The challenge which Sir WILLIAM met was not that about calling his present bosom friends traitors, assassins, and vile conspirators. Not a word was breathed as to that most interesting deliverance. On the contrary, Sir WILLIAM turned aside to accuse Lord HARTINGTON of shocking conduct, because Lord HARTINGTON, like everybody else, assumed for a time and under proviso that utterly damning charges, publicly made on the heaviest responsibility, and not attempted to be disproved for months and almost years by the persons underlying them, had a foundation. As soon as it appeared that Sir WILLIAM was not going to give any account of the great transformation which has made traitors into patriots, assassins into injured innocents, vile conspirators into the purest characters of history and the victims themselves of a vile conspiracy, interest in his speech almost ceased. He has got, it is true, another vile conspiracy, this time on the other side; but, after the precedent, who can take any interest in it? According to probability, 1894, or thereabouts, will see Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT canonizing Mr. PIGOTT, and very nearly weeping over Mr. HOUTSON and Mr. MACDONALD. Your dogs which are always breaking off the scent to hunt a fresh trail are bad enough, but those which alternately hunt the hare and the huntsmen are really dangerous beasts. If we were (which God forbid!) Mr. PARNELL and his friends, we should be a little shy of Sir WILLIAM. "She has deceived her father, and may thee," is a line which applies unpleasantly to him. For the rest of his speech, when the "laughters" and "cheers" with which it is faithfully punctuated are taken out of it, it does not seem to require very much notice. The wickedness of Dr. BARR, who is now too "small game" for Sir WILLIAM to fly at, though only last week he was worthy of being called a black sheep by the same Sir WILLIAM; the slipperiness of Mr. BALFOUR; the glorious and immortal memory of Kennington—that was the staple of it, together with an almost indiscreetly frank declaration that Sir WILLIAM and the other Parnellites are going to spend the country's time, not on the country's business, but on "cross-examining the Government" as to matters of purely private interest to the *cicadant* traitors and assassins and conspirators whom Sir WILLIAM described as such a few years ago. All this display is scarcely worth powder and shot in reply; for, though there is plenty of powder in it, there is no shot at all. So leave we Sir WILLIAM blazing away, and meeting challenges by discreetly saying nothing about the subject of challenge.

GOOD CAUSE AND BAD LAW.

THE circumstances in which a successful plaintiff may be deprived of his costs have been much discussed in various Courts, and at last the House of Lords has pronounced judgment upon the subject. The LORD CHANCELLOR treated the general question with cautious reserve, and confined himself to the facts of the particular case before him. But Lord WATSON dealt thoroughly with the whole matter, and a perusal of his speech ought to assist the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in understanding what that eminent functionary has hitherto declared to be unintelligible. Costs are such a very important element in litigation that the public, as well as the profession, are directly concerned in the power of the judges to interfere with the result of a verdict. The nature of the dispute can be best and most easily explained in connexion with the history of the case itself. There is, however, a preliminary point on which it may be desirable to say a word. The occurrence out of which the litigation

arose happened in May, 1884, or as nearly as possible five years ago. The delay is, to some extent, accounted for by the unfortunate conduct of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. But when every allowance is made for friction between him and the Court of Appeal, enough remains to constitute a public scandal. We do not know if either the plaintiff or the defendant did anything to protract the case. If they did, they ought not to have been allowed to do so. If not, there must be something seriously wrong with a system of legal administration under which an action can be kept up for five years. About the actual story there was not much difficulty or complexity. The plaintiff, one HUXLEY, was injured in getting out of a train at Chelsea. Thereupon he sued the West London Extension Railway Company for damages, and claimed three thousand pounds. The Company denied their own negligence, imputed negligence to the plaintiff, and refused to admit that he had received the injuries which he described. Their real and substantial defence was that HUXLEY was very slightly hurt, if at all, and had concocted a false account of his sufferings, in order to swindle the shareholders out of a large sum. The jury must have inclined to that view, for they awarded HUXLEY fifty pounds, or exactly one-sixtieth of the amount for which he asked. Before the Judicature Acts this finding would have entitled the plaintiff, as of right, to his costs. But the rule now is that costs follow the event only if the judge does not, for good cause shown, otherwise order. The counsel for the defendants requested Lord COLERIDGE to exercise this power against HUXLEY, on the ground that he had made a fraudulent claim, and Lord COLERIDGE intimated that he did not think the plaintiff ought to have his costs.

Lord COLERIDGE, however, refused to entertain the application of counsel, because the Court of Appeal had held that the question whether "good cause" existed might be brought before them. The distinction between the existence of facts on which a discretion may be exercised and the exercise of the discretion itself may seem to laymen a subtle one. But to some lawyers, if not to all judges, it is as plain as that between the existence and the sufficiency of evidence, or between the validity of jurisdiction and a proper use of it. Lord WATSON, who spoke for Lord HERSCHELL as well as for himself, laid down the simple and sensible rule that "good cause" meant anything for which the party deprived of his costs could fairly be held responsible. It is obvious that cases sometimes fail, and even collapse, without any fault on the unsuccessful side, but merely because some unexpected revelation has been made. It is equally clear that a successful litigant may find a difficulty in proving substantial damages or in satisfactorily accounting for his conduct, and yet may have done nothing to deserve what is practically a heavy fine. If a judge at Nisi Prius "gives effect," in Lord WATSON's words, "to considerations which do not constitute good cause within the meaning of the rule, he exceeds the limits of his jurisdiction, and on that ground his decision is not protected from review." Much of the argument before the House of Lords turned upon a doubt which would never have arisen if the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE had frankly acquiesced in the binding authority of the Court of Appeal. It is a grave evil that any judge, however high his position, should refuse to obey the ruling of a superior tribunal, because, forsooth, the decision does not square with his own views. The result of Lord COLERIDGE's obstinacy was that the Court of Appeal sent the case back to him, inasmuch as they could not deal with the application until he had either granted or rejected it; that he thereupon granted it, and was upheld in so doing by the Lords Justices, and that the House of Lords finally agreed with the Court of Appeal. Lord BRAMWELL is doubtless right in saying that, "if ever there was a case in which a plaintiff ought to be deprived of his costs, this is the one." But if the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE had behaved in a more reasonable manner, waste of time would have been avoided, and it would have been impossible to contend, as HUXLEY's counsel did with great ability, that once judgment had been given for the plaintiff, the matter was concluded.

THE PLEASURE OF PARAGRAPHS.

SOME years ago a pleasure party was in a boat, and the boat was in a storm. "Are you afraid?" said a man to a little boy. "No," answered the bright boy; "if I'm drowned my name will be in the papers." This was an

extreme instance of the consolation which posthumous fame and the prospect of it can minister. Some people are certainly very fond of "paragraphs" about themselves, and a man of letters is said to have observed that he did not care for a paper without his own name in it. But of paragraphs, as of all earthly pleasure, cometh satiety at last. Mrs. BURNETT, the author of *Through One Administration*, has had far too much of gossip about herself in the press, and she has even been driven to remonstrate. In a letter to the *Critic*, a New York paper, Mrs. BURNETT shows a just and natural, but an unavailing, indignation. She asks why the journals lie about her so freely, and where the fun of inventing such astonishing fictions comes in? "I would at this moment cheerfully pay the writer's expenses to Washington," she says, about a certain article, "and add a cheque four times as large as the one he received in payment for the work, if he would come and tell me candidly and simply what his mental attitude was when he wrote it." The writer will probably jump at such a splendid chance; he will make his trip, pocket his dollars, and then "write up" (they say "write up") his interview with the lady. Of course it is just possible that he might also meet a person of his own sex, if he be what is loosely called a man, and he may not enjoy that part of his expedition. But, if the author of the monument of fiction be a lady, a more splendid opportunity than Mrs. BURNETT offers can hardly have occurred to the dreams of the paragraph-writer.

The stories told about Mrs. BURNETT are monstrously absurd. What she, perhaps, resents most is that she "wears" Kate Greenaway dresses of vivid silk, belted under the "arms with wide sashes," an imputation which is certainly intolerable. More than that, she is accused of taking about with her a friend disguised as her double. Perhaps OLD DOUBLE is not dead, and is the cause of all the sorrow. There may be a sham author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* in the field—a wraith, perhaps; or perhaps a common impostor. This hypothesis has occurred to the mind of the unfortunate lady, whose deserved popularity is made up for by the insults of her country's press. As a false HELEN, a thing of cloud and shadow, went about flirting at Troy, while the true HELEN stayed in Egypt, so there may be a false author of *That Lass o' Lowrie's*. "If any apparently insane person," says the true Mrs. BURNETT, "attired in silk Kate Greenaways belted with wide sashes, and collecting by the force of her attractions armies of young men, has been amusing the metropolis, it has been some one far more imposing, far more fascinating, and with far more leisure on her hands than FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT."

Like several other authors, Mrs. BURNETT has only committed one offence against the minor reptiles of the press. She has succeeded. She has amused many myriads of people, young and old, and the people whom her books do not amuse have the simple remedy of leaving them unread. But for this kind of sin the little anonymous liars have no forgiveness. They continually publish the most amazing libels, and the most cowardly inventions, about almost every writer who happens to make, for a year or two, the income of a barrister in respectable practice. No detective is more industrious than these journalists of the gutter in raking up antiquated and inaccurate gossip; and no politician is more audaciously assailed with insult than the author who has been so unfortunate as to please. Mere combinations of attack on his or her books may be regarded as comparatively fair play, and all in the way of business. But daily and almost hourly paragraphs of insulting and mendacious tattle on a writer's private affairs are a novelty in which parts of the English and American press attempt industriously to outvie each other. Even Mrs. BURNETT's little boys are assailed, as if it mattered to any human being whether they "throw stones at cats" or not. They do not, in fact, throw stones at cats; but, with all respectful interest in cats, as they are animals which nobody can hit, a little boy might commit more atrocious offences without being pilloried in the newspapers. "As he is only a little fellow," says his advocate, "and offends in nothing but in being the son of his mother, even vulgar malice and falsehood might respect his defencelessness and leave his childhood in peace." Unhappily, remarks which would sting an honest man or woman like a blow will only amuse the creatures who pen and the creatures who publish their daily tale of dull malice. To them there is no use in appealing. The common paragraph-maker likes to be insulted; he thinks that it proves he has made himself felt. Mrs. BURNETT very seriously asks:—"Is it, or is it not, of con-

"sequence that a statement published and copied all over the United States is untrue in every word and detail! Does it, or does it *not*, matter in the least that a man or woman who has done honest and respectable work should on that account feel that his or her character, good taste, and good manners may be impugned at so much a line in any newspaper? Does it not matter that such an individual cannot live a life so simple, so secluded, and so well-meaning as to escape the most grotesque misrepresentation? I ask these questions not only for myself, but for a number of modest, respectable persons who have had the misfortune to write a popular book or play, or to occupy a prominent position. They are questions I have heard discussed with strong feeling by such people, who have all agreed that they present a serious problem it is time to face practically. When an article is presented at an editorial office, is its truth or untruth, its justice or patent malignity, entirely indifferent to the purchaser? Will some journalist of established reputation answer this question? I put it with all modesty and respect for journalism." The answer must be that, to many purchasers, the truth or the falsehood, nay, even the amusing character or the drivelling dulness, of personal scandal and gossip is all alike. It is gossip, and it is personal, and, therefore, it is "good copy." It may be said that there are such things as horsewhips, and it is thought that men have backs; but a beating is just what the paragraphist or his editor would pray for. Only an extremely strong and an extremely cool man could make the beating adequate to the offence. If Porthos were on earth again, or Amadis of Gaul, he might have a happy time and a useful career. He might handle the maligners of quiet women and men as they deserve. But there is little chance of a remedy being found in this direction, and on the whole a popular author's best policy is never to read a paragraph where his name is printed. This is no great self-denial. As for the unpopular authors, nobody accuses them of marrying their grandmothers, of robbing churches, or of wearing silk Kate Greenaways, belted with wide sashes.

AUSTRIA.

THE renewal of the student disturbances in Buda-Pesth is much to be regretted, not because these disturbances arise from any very serious cause, but because anything that weakens the hands of the Austro-Hungarian Ministries at this time is a misfortune. "Revolving" (which is nearly as great a curse of the present moment as democracy or anti-religious maundering) has seldom shown itself in such an outrageous light as in the action of M. RAHONCZY. That a member of Parliament should in the lobby of the House get into an altercation on politics with a schoolboy, should draw a revolver, and should actually shoot an antagonist for whom correction such as erst our MILTON suffered would have been the appropriate punishment, is as topsyturvy a piece of brutal absurdity as has recently occurred. If society generally is coming to such a pass that men cannot keep their tempers in ordinary intercourse, it would be much better to revert to the wearing of swords, which, at any rate, were not concealed weapons, and did not usually go off of themselves in the streets and kill charwomen. The really unfortunate thing, however, is that, especially in rather excitable nations, it is never quite certain to what results an initial disturbance of this kind may lead. And as Hungary is not only the outpost and bulwark, but the most active and combative member, of the great Austrian Empire, it is especially desirable that her forces should be kept available against the common enemy, and not wasted in intestine quarrels about nothing at all, or, if about anything, about the question whether a particular Minister has or has not been too long in office.

The oddity which has characterized more than one of King MILAN's proceedings is perhaps not least noticeable in his visit to Vienna. If there be one capital in the world where it might have been supposed that he would not be welcome it is this. He has seriously complicated and compromised Austrian policy by his abdication, and he has accomplished that abdication in the manner most likely to do harm. It was hardly worth while, if he was going to cease to be king, to divorce his wife, who, from all that is known of her, would certainly not be likely to trouble a husband no longer royal; and with the same intention it was equally not worth while to alter the Servian Constitution. However, the

EMPEROR seems to have received his troublesome ex-neighbour and ex-ally with that unruffled magnanimity which FRANCIS JOSEPH has always shown. Meanwhile, the operations for refurbishing up the celebrated "crown of DUSHAN" appear to be going on merrily. The young KING has joined (that is to say, has been made to join) a sort of Servia Irredenta Association, the object of which is the annexation of other people's property, and divers other steps have been taken in the Pan Slavist—that is to say, Russian—direction. So long, no doubt, as no other events occur to trouble European peace, this will not very much matter. Servia can do little or nothing by herself, and her neighbours in the Balkan Peninsula are quite capable of dealing with her if she tried to do anything. The important thing is that another firework has been stowed away among the straw of the European magazine, to be lighted or to light itself when chance or other people's purposes shall determine. For the moment there is perhaps not much danger of explosion, notwithstanding this additional explosive. The colonial troubles of Germany do not seem to be decreasing, and how serious is the aspect which they are assuming from the English point of view in one part of the world may be judged from some recent answers in the House of Commons, though it is satisfactory to see that a recently published despatch of Lord SALISBURY's dissipates the notion of any connivance by England at German violence at Samoa. But these same troubles may have a slightly modifying effect of themselves on that tendency to carry matters with a high hand towards allies which has been visible during the present reign at Berlin; though they will hardly result in that Anglo-German alliance which the ingenious Continental quidnunc has once more prophesied.

THE NEW REGISTER.

FROM the speeches lately delivered by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. MORLEY, and other Gladstonian leaders, one thing at least appears quite certain. These gentlemen have resolved to proceed by methods of controversy which only a dozen years ago would have been shunned, not merely as disgraceful, but as suicidal. That they are disgraceful must be well known to the men who practise them; there can be no doubt of that at all. Whatever the degree of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's political immorality, he is not a man of blunt perceptions; and even he, though it may give him no pain to use the controversial weapons that so aptly fit his palm, must know, and does know, that they are shameful ones. Of Mr. MORLEY—(these two are the right and the left hand of Gladstonianism both in Parliament and "the country")—of Mr. MORLEY we are still constrained to think differently. He has done much to convince us that we have all along been mistaken in the true spirit of him; but, let him say what he may, nothing will remove from our minds the impression that his conscience revolts from practices that can lose none of their deformity when viewed by an intelligence so clear and so sensitive as his own. Even though he were to rise up and out-Herod that Memorial Hall speech, still we should not believe him deaf to self-reproach, or liken him to his bedfellow, Sir WILLIAM, for indifference to shame. In short, the disgrace of employing such practices must be as well understood by the Gladstonian leaders as it was ever understood; the difference is that, while these practices are no longer shunned by them on that account, they do not fear them now as suicidal. Mr. GLADSTONE's lieutenants are frequently and solemnly assured that the ditch-drawn missiles they fling about them are sure to miss their mark, and are equally sure to recoil on their own heads. They, too, are men of the world; and they do not believe it. It is a matter which they must have considered, and they have evidently come to the conclusion that the well-worn metaphor about recoiling missiles no longer expresses anything to be afraid of. Times have changed. The constituencies are not what they were. Even within the last year or two there has been a New Register which alters their complexion yet more than ever. Such conduct as the Gladstonian leaders have pursued, such speeches as they have delivered since the PIGOTT breakdown, would have finished the career of every man of them twenty years ago. The constituencies of that period were no such mobs as they are now; and the speaker at the Memorial Hall would have known that the surprise and the revolt which his harangue excited amongst men of his own condition would be shared by those whose favour was necessary for his existence in Parliament. You

might have talked with some reason then about the certainty that violent misrepresentation, that the studious insinuation of baseless calumny, would do more harm to the politician who descended to such arts than to any one against whom they were directed. But now we must discriminate. The use of these arts is still condemned, and still meets its punishment in a contempt that must be felt in some degree. But where is the offender hurt? Only in his pride; only in his self-respect; only in whatever shame he happens to feel when he meets with men who are as well able as himself to measure the degradation he has chosen to walk into. That, of course, is disagreeable, though no more than he can stand; but what about the main point? what about the main chance? Is that endangered? His calculations are utterly wrong if it be so; for he has made up his mind that under the New Register he will win far more than he can lose by the baseness of his controversial methods. He knows the numbers and the constitution of the New Register; and on a careful review of his fellow-citizens inscribed therein, concludes that there is no better way of working on their sympathies, no surer way of calling upon what is best and worst in them for his own profit, than by launching the suspicion, the insinuation, the slander, of which the Gladstonian chiefs are making so abundant a distribution.

And what is it that gives these politicians confidence in their operations? Two things; and when we name them the shame of the operators appears deeper even than before. They reckon on the ignorance and the credulity of the New Register. This they do just as the area-haunting fortune-teller counts for a good day's work on the ignorance and credulity of the young women on another register—the Servants' Register. The Gladstonian game could not be played if the general mass of voters were better educated, or if they were not so generously and innocently inclined to take the word of any well-advertised Friend of the People. In their ignorance they may be blinded; by their good-natured credulity they may be taken in; if not, then, as of old, the tactics which the Gladstonian leaders resort to mean suicide as well as disgrace. These are the conditions of the game. But is it becoming in Friends of the People to traffic on ignorance and trust in this way? When the additions were made to the New Register, they were largely advocated on the ground that the consciousness of possessing a share in the government of the country had a high educational influence; an elevating influence; which it should be the care of every friend of the people to advance and secure. But what sort of an education does this newly enfranchised ignorance get from the most distinguished of all friends of the people? What use do they first put it to? It is being educated in violence; it is roused by the stimulation of its passions; it is taught that any weapons are fair in a stand-up fight. To despise moderation, to defy law, to glory in license both of word and deed—these also are amongst the lessons which the new voter receives from his exalted friends; while, in order to finish his education as a robust politician, a sort of Roman festival has been instituted by the periodical slaughter of inconvenient principles. What success may attend the apostles of this strange kind of Liberalism has yet to be seen. At present all that can be said on that score is that the conclusions and calculations on which it rests have not been falsified; and that if, after all, the HARCOURTS and others do not succeed in what they are striving for, they will become as pitiable in the eyes of every humane person as now they seem contemptible to common honesty.

FRANCE.

BY common consent the speech delivered at Tours by General BOULANGER is the most important he has made. It was very timely. It defines his position, it shows how thoroughly he must be able to rely on the help of the Reactionary parties, and it contains what may almost be called a political programme. This last quality will probably be denied it, but we think unjustly. It is true that the General does not give a list of the measures he proposes to carry. But he does what is quite sufficient for his purpose. He states very plainly what kind of measures he does not propose to carry. His description of the Republic according to his ideal, as a government which will respect every liberty, will reject "l'héritage jacobin," and will bring religious peace to the country, may possibly be called empty declamation. Then, too, the General may

be promising more than he can perform. Religious peace will not be easily established in a country in which anti-religious bigotry is so violent as it is in France. But, however vague the programme may be, and however difficult of fulfilment, the fact remains that it is the exact counterpart of GAMBETTA's declaration of war against *le cléricalisme*. The Boulangists have at least promised to reverse the policy of petty persecution. Such an undertaking may, and indeed must, seem sufficient to the many Frenchmen who have shown themselves offended by the tyranny of the Radicals. There are, as we now see, many thousands of voters who have rebelled against the Jacobin cliques. To them the General appeals. They may not love or trust him very much, but they hate his enemies most intensely. For them the choice lies between a body of politicians who have proved themselves both exasperating and incompetent and a man who at least promises better things. Their decision can hardly be doubtful. The General's negative programme will probably appear sufficiently precise to them, when the only serious alternative is the policy of the Parliamentary Republicans who have allowed themselves to be mastered by the Radicals. It is true that at the eleventh hour a few moderate Republicans, headed by M. BARDOUX, have formed themselves into a Liberal Union which promises good administration and an anti-Radical policy. Unfortunately, this action of the Moderates is very tardy. If it had been taken before the Parliamentary régime was so deeply discredited it might have been effective. As it now, however, only offers to the voters the General's policy without the General, and with Parliamentary administration, it can hardly do more than divide the opponents of the Boulangists still further.

As to the opportuneness of the speech there can be no two opinions. The General has shown his usual tact in selecting the moment when the proceedings against the League of Patriots were beginning to make a declaration of his Republican principles. The attack on the League was notoriously directed against him. If he can only succeed in posing as an honest reformer, assailed by desperate intriguers, who are resolved to use their accidental majority for party purposes, he will, for by no means the first time, have turned the tables on his enemies triumphantly. It looks as if the Ministry had given him his opportunity. The proceedings against the League do not frighten the incriminated deputies, who have more to gain by publicity than to lose by any sentence which may be passed on them. For the General himself, his speech at Tours is defence enough, unless the Ministry can produce directly incriminating evidence against him. The Republicans who are inclined to support him will not be easily persuaded to suspect him of treasonable intentions after this ostentatious assertion of his indifference to Reactionary support. Another, and an even more important, class of voters will be equally pleased by his speech. There are in France vast numbers of voters who are only Republican because they are prepared to support and obey any established government and who dread revolutions. To them, hard driven as they are by the Radicals, the General's confidence that he can remove their enemies without bringing on them the evils of disturbance is certain to be encouraging. They want to be free from Radical annoyance, from the tyranny of local cliques and Government officials appointed by the unpopular party. If the choice were absolutely between submitting to this oppression or accepting a Royalist *coup d'état*, they would possibly choose the second; but they infinitely prefer a quiet change within the Republic itself. All along the General has bid for this vote, and the result of the election in Paris seems to prove that he has secured it. The speech gives ample proof of the General's confidence in the strength of his hold on the Reactionary parties. He has not scrupled to tell them that such of them as vote for him will have worked for the King of Prussia. The Ministerial and other Republican papers opposed to the Boulangists have, of course, seen in this proof of the existence of a deep-laid Jesuitical scheme of the usual imaginary type, or have made it the text for sneers at the Reactionaries. They waste their ingenuity in both cases. The General has no need for deep-laid schemes in the matter. He must have known, before M. DE CASSAGNAC told him so, that he could rely on the hatred of the Royalists and Bonapartists for the Parliamentary Republicans. They have to choose between directly helping the General or indirectly helping their enemies by abstention or independent action. There can be no doubt as to the course they will take. Neither does it appear to indifferent

observers that any support they may give the General will be more discreditable to them than the help they have alternately given in the Chamber to Moderates and Radicals, or that these parties have cleaner hands in this matter than the General. Both have worked in this way with the Reactionaries for party ends. The Moderates might have used the alliance in the interest of good government if they had not been wanting in courage. It is absurd in both parties to clamour as they do at the moral iniquity of an alliance with the Reactionaries only when it is directed against them.

There is yet another class of supporters to whom the General has appealed in his speech. They are less clearly defined than the Republicans who have been disgusted by Radicalism, or the Conservatives who hope to use him as a "catapult" or "battering ram," but are none the less likely to prove most useful. These are the Conservatives who, without renouncing openly their Royalist or Bonapartist principles, are more than half disposed to recognize that their causes are dead, and to ally themselves to any kind of Republic which it would be possible for a Frenchman who does not wish to be an anti-clerical bigot to accept. To them the General spoke when he professed his intention to construct a "habitable Republic." It may very possibly be discovered that there are more Frenchmen of this way of thinking than has been supposed. Old habit, social pressure, the impossibility for a French gentleman, or indeed for any Frenchman with some respect for the Church left in him, of joining with Radicals, the utterly untrustworthy character of the moderate Republicans, have hitherto kept many Royalists and Bonapartists steady who in reality despair of ever seeing their parties in power. The Marquis DE BRETEUIL, who lately declared that a severe regard for consistency had kept the Royalists in a state of impotent exclusion from politics for a generation, and that he was prepared to go with the General as long as the General did not make co-operation impossible, is doubtless not the only man in France of this way of thinking. Neither is the support given to the General by such a thoroughly French writer as the lively "GYP" an insignificant sign. They may laugh at the General's prancing black horse and waving plume, but they support him as the man who will sweep away the Parliamentary Radicals and give them a chance of vigorous administration. It would be rash, indeed, to predict complete victory for the Boulangists, and wildly rash to take it for granted that they will be able to maintain themselves in power if they do reach it. In a country so essentially anarchical and unstable as France no party can hope for a long tenure of power. For the present the signs are in favour of the Boulangists. We do not know why foreigners should be disturbed by the prospect. The General cannot govern worse than the Radicals have done; and, as far as the maintenance of peace is concerned, the reception given to M. ANTOINE shows that he is not the only man in France who is ready to play with edged tools.

A COSTLY BLUNDER.

MOST people form their opinions first and find their arguments afterwards. In matters of abstract speculation this habit, however illogical, is not practically dangerous. But in the ordinary affairs of life it is otherwise, as Mr. MILLS, of Wolverhampton, has discovered to his cost. There is no reason for accusing Mr. MILLS of dishonesty, or of anything worse than the too common inability to see more than one side of a question at the same time. Everybody who has at any period of his life had anything whatever to do with the administration of the criminal law must be acquainted with the too zealous policeman. Having fixed in his own mind upon "the guilty parties," this official unconsciously imparts a suspicious colour to every circumstance of their daily behaviour. If they make a statement, it is an "admission." If they leave their homes, they "abscond." If they talk to a friend in the street, he is an "accomplice." All this language of prejudice does not arise from the wickedness of deliberate defamation, but from the bias of a foregone conclusion. Mr. MILLS did not invent the story of his wrongs, which were real enough. He had undoubtedly been made the victim of an impudent fraud, and it was natural that he should be exceedingly angry. But anger is a bad counsellor, and it led Mr. MILLS to throw twelve or fifteen hundred pounds

after fifty. If he had been less impetuous, he might have procured the punishment of a rogue, and possibly recovered some of his money. As it is, he has cruelly persecuted two respectable young ladies, whom he is compelled to compensate in the sum of a thousand pounds. It is an instructive story, if only because it exhibits in the useful form of caricature an unfortunate tendency of the human mind. Mr. MILLS, a provision merchant by trade, received on the 4th of June last by hand a letter signed "ANNA SANKEY." The bearer was a stranger and a woman. The writer said that her mother was in urgent need of money, and specified the rather odd amount of forty-three pounds as the appropriate remedy for the maternal complaint. It does not appear that there was any such person as ANNA SANKEY. But there is a HANNAH SANKEY, and her brother is Mr. MILLS's son-in-law. Nothing could be further from our intention than to make any reflection upon the orthography or the aspirates of Mr. MILLS or his relatives. But it does seem strange that the erroneous signature should not have awakened his caution, and that he should have immediately drawn a cheque for the money required. This he gave to the messenger, whom in an evil hour for himself he identified with Miss ALICE SCOFFHAM, a schoolmistress in Wolverhampton. The cheque was duly cashed, but the letter, as may have been surmised, was a forgery. Mr. MILLS at once set to work on the hypothesis that Miss SCOFFHAM was the thief.

Outside the novels of GABORIAU amateur detectives are dismal failures; and when a man is his own detective the consequences are usually fatal. Mr. MILLS, with the sort of cunning which is far more fatuous than simplicity, called upon Miss SCOFFHAM, whom he did not know, and asked her, with Macchiavellian craft, some questions about her school. By this dark and subtle design he obtained a specimen of her handwriting, and then, of course, he was happy. For the contrast of calligraphy must, indeed, be startling which does not, in such circumstances, melt into resemblance. At ten o'clock on the evening of the 13th of June, Miss SCOFFHAM was arrested on a warrant, in her own house, and carried off, when she had recovered from the shock, to the police-station, where she was kept till half an hour after midnight. This extremely harsh proceeding on the part of the police is made less excusable by the fact that the charge was at once dismissed by the magistrate the next morning for want of evidence. Miss SCOFFHAM then very properly brought an action for malicious prosecution, and Mr. MILLS persisted that she was the person who had defrauded him. He even alleged that her sister had confessed the truth of the charge, and had offered to repay the money by instalments. This allegation, however, was denied by Miss ELIZA SCOFFHAM and disbelieved by the judge. The magistrate's clerk, an obviously independent witness, deposed that, when Mr. MILLS applied for the warrant, he said it was "one of the SCOFFHAMS" who had cheated him, and it seems very odd that, after such reckless vagueness had been displayed by the prosecutor, the warrant should have been granted at all. Lord COLERIDGE, who tried the case, regretted the absence of a jury. But the facts were so clear and so few that any competent tribunal must have found, as he did, in favour of the plaintiff. Mr. MILLS, however, is of his own opinion still. There was a second action brought by Miss ELIZA SCOFFHAM for slander and false imprisonment, she having been accused of complicity, and prevented on one occasion from leaving Mr. MILLS's room. Mr. MILLS saw another opportunity, proposed to call fresh evidence against "one of the SCOFFHAMS," and was only induced by the urgent entreaties of his counsel, prompted by a significant hint from the Bench, to pause in his suicidal career. The "ruinous force of the will" has seldom been more forcibly exemplified. Happily for the peace of society the wish to believe is an expensive form of self-indulgence.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THIS week's cartoon in *Punch*, which shows Mr. Midshipman UNEASY in the mutinous act of spiking the guns, represents very fairly, if not the intention, at least the vague wish, of not a few of HER MAJESTY'S Opposition. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's Naval Scheme has not been openly attacked; but in many quarters there are signs of a wish to work up something which could be plausibly

represented as a popular opposition to it. The Gladstonian press is putting out feelers, and if by hook or by crook a show of popular opposition can be simulated, it is easy to foresee that HER MAJESTY'S Opposition in Parliament will soon feel justified in redoubling, if that be possible, their obstructive resistance to the execution of any kind of work. Even without this stimulus, the great party which is under the temporary leadership of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has taken its line in a sufficiently decided manner. As it has declared that the Ministry shall not have a shilling for any purpose whatever, it naturally intends that no money shall be granted for the navy. The intention to stop all building work on the fleet is not openly avowed, but it is included in the general declaration. Unless there is some decided expression of public feeling these obstructive tactics will certainly be continued. Unfortunately there seems to be curiously little inclination, on what we at least consider the patriotic side, to give any emphatic support to the Ministry. And yet some help of the kind is badly needed. Some of the blame for its absence may be laid on the political leaders who do not ask for it. It is obvious to whomsoever will look at the facts that we have to deal at present with a determined attempt to make all Parliamentary government impossible. To go on treating this kind of opposition as if it were a mere continuation of the old, recognized Parliamentary warfare is simply to shut one's eyes to facts. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with his following of Scotch and English items, of English buffoons and Irish agitators, is, in fact, a mob-leader, who happens to have the good luck to be able to avail himself of Parliamentary forms. He has wasted quite enough of the Session already to prove that he and his rabble intend also to waste the remainder; unless they are crushed, the naval scheme will disappear with all the rest of the Government's programme. It is to be presumed that the Ministry have convinced themselves that the increase of the navy was desired by the country. If that is their conviction—and we not only believe that it is, but also that it is well grounded—they have no little reason for making the naval scheme their war-horse and fighting it out with the Opposition on this issue. It ought to be made very clear that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's scheme provides, not only for the increase, but for the mere continuance of building work in the navy. Whether it was wise in the Admiralty to combine the two or not is perhaps doubtful; but they have decided to do so, and ought now to stick to their guns. The majority has every right to smash down a kind of opposition which is little better than civil war in disguise. It would assuredly be supported by public opinion. If there is still any doubt on the point, the Ministry could create the support by acting with energy. A majority in Parliament has certainly a right to expect that the country will follow its lead. But the rank and file of a party have also got a right to expect that their leaders shall lead. If the Ministry stands paltering with the kind of opposition with which it has now to deal, it must not be surprised if it is thought to be half-hearted. The feeling may be very irrational, but it exists, and the duty of practical men is to regulate their conduct by things as they are and not by things as they ought to be. A good half of such success as the Opposition has obtained has been due to the mere self-confidence of its leaders. The Ministry must hit as confidently and as hard as the Opposition if it does not wish to be beaten; it is not only entitled, but is bound, to make short work of the insolent defiance of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his rowdies, English and Irish. The majority of the House of Commons has by constitutional usage, and from the very nature of the case, a perfect right to overbear a kind of Parliamentary warfare which is avowedly intended to reduce the House itself to impotence. Even if it is not sure of support from within, its duty is still clear; but all experience goes to show that the support will be given if it is deserved.

For the rest, the proper place of a leader is in front. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers do not deserve to be where they are if they cannot say Come on. The officer who waits for his man to say that to him is generally thought to be unfit for command. Neither is he thought to be exempt from the necessity of exerting himself by the provisions of the articles of war which give authority over his soldiers. He is generally expected to do something more at a crisis than barely give orders, and he would not be held to have excused himself for failing to bring his men to the scratch unless he could be shown to have gone a little beyond the mechanical discharge of his duty. Now, to speak frankly, the leaders of the majority are a little too fond of either saying Go on when it ought to be Come on, or of talking very witty and

amusing light leaders which may make their followers laugh, but does not make them particularly more inclined to fight, and does irritate the pugnacity of the other side. It would be unfair to overlook the difficulty which the Ministry must have in rousing their followers to a proper pitch of fighting zeal; unhappily, and by the fault of a great variety of persons, any kind of patriotic activity has come to be thought to require a kind of apology. Whether the best way to counteract this very disgraceful poorness of spirit would not be to cease, once and for all, asking for means to increase the navy, as if it were a painful necessity, and not a duty, which a Ministry ought to be happy to perform, is, perhaps, a question. Englishmen are, after all, still easy enough to stir up to fight, and a Ministry might still find that it would get its votes for the services all the more easily if it did not ask for them as if it had fear in its bones. As long as it takes the more timid line, it will have to deal respectfully with other kinds of opposition than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's, which also might be made the subject of very short work. Such a kind of opposition, unconscious perhaps, but very real, is the argument which Sir JOHN LUBBOCK delivered before the London Chamber of Commerce in favour of the protection of private property at sea from capture. Sir JOHN's facts are beyond dispute. It is true that at the Paris Conference after the Crimean War England bound herself by mutual agreements with several Continental Powers not to employ privateers in war. It is also true that the United States wished to establish an international understanding that private property was to be exempt from capture, and that England refused to accept any such agreement, on the ground that it would cripple her where she is strongest. Now, when our merchant shipping has developed so immensely, and we are even more dependent than we were thirty years ago on foreign food supply, it might be convenient for us to adopt the rule which we then rejected. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and those who agree with him are right in thinking that the exemption of private property from capture might suit us very well. But when they proceed to argue that we should now ask the world to agree to the rule which we refused to accept thirty years ago, we think that they are wandering away from all practical treatment of a practical question. The very considerations which made us reject the proposal then would make other nations reject it now. We should display an imbecility worthy of the Peace Society if we made any such proposal. It would be, to begin with, a confession of weakness; and it is hardly to be supposed that foreign nations would be good enough to relieve us from by far the most serious danger which threatens us. Even if the rule were accepted, nothing would be gained by it. If we acted in the belief that it would be universally observed, and abstained from strengthening our navy, we should be at the mercy of the first Power which chose to exercise its indefeasible sovereign right to denounce the agreement. If we were not foolish enough to run this risk, we should still be bound to maintain a navy of overwhelming strength.

All the tendency of late years has been to make war more severe, and it would be insane to suppose that the world will deprive itself of a possible means of doing us a damage. What are called international laws are, in fact, common understandings which had for their sanction the fear that the breach of any one of them might entail damaging retaliation; but, from the nature of the case, we could not retaliate in an adequate way on an enemy who chose to attack our merchant ships. We have a vastly greater number to lose than any possible enemy, and, therefore, the stake is not equal. This may be a reason why we should be now disposed to accept the rule we once rejected; but it is an equally good reason why other nations should refuse to be bound by it. The United States, be it remembered, has no longer the same motive that it had for protecting private property at sea. Thirty years ago it had a great merchant navy, now it has very little, and it is the firm persuasion of even educated Americans that the change is due to the depredations of the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers for which they hold us responsible. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's own references to the obscurity of the question whether food is contraband of war ought to show him how very vague a thing international law must be when so elementary a question remains unsettled after centuries of discussion. We and the French have taken opposite sides at different times, according to the interests of the moment. In the great revolutionary war England declared corn contraband of war when there seemed to be an opportunity of starving the Republic into submission. Lord Howe's fleet was sent out for

the express purpose of intercepting the corn ships from America. At that time the French denounced the claim as barbarous. Yet in their own recent war with China they treated rice as contraband themselves. Our Foreign Office then refused to accept their interpretation of the rights of belligerents; but, as we did not think it worth while to go to war to protect the China trade, the French carried the point. In sober truth the rights of belligerents are whatever any belligerent is strong enough to do without suffering for it. In the long run there is no protection for any nation but its own power. Any attempt to escape from the necessity of defending ourselves by understandings and international laws must be futile until the world has reached a pitch of wisdom which will abolish war itself. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and others will do well to keep that consideration very clearly before them when speculating on the influence of international law on our position. They will certainly do nothing but unmixed mischief if they succeed in persuading any considerable body of Englishmen that any possible treaties, understandings, or international laws will relieve them from the burden of providing for their own safety.

MR. CLIFFORD LLOYD ON HOME RULE.

IT is a little difficult to follow the route of reasoning by which Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD, starting from his postulates, arrives at the conclusions set forth in his singular letter to the *Times* of a few days ago. We have, however, no right perhaps to insist on extreme clearness from a writer who is so strangely tolerant of vagueness in others. It seems to him, he says, "somewhat unreasonable to expect a party in opposition, and without any immediate prospect of returning to power, to define the details of a Home Rule measure, the broad principle of which alone is being advocated." To us, on the contrary, it appears eminently reasonable to expect, and indeed positively necessary to require, any party who are advocating the broad principle of this or any other measure to tell us how much or how little of its so-called details that principle covers. And this is exactly what the Gladstonians cannot be got to do. Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD seems to us to credit them with much more candour than they possess. What he calls "the breadth of the principle" which he assumes them all to have accepted is not nearly so easy to measure as he appears to suppose. It is not even measured, as he thinks it is, "by the fact that the base of any legislation in favour of Home Rule would be an Irish Parliament and an Executive in Dublin." For, in the first place, the expression "an Irish Parliament" does not measure anything, unless it be accompanied by that accurate definition of its powers which Gladstonians good at the game of "follow my leader" are so chary of giving. And, in the next place, the very important and, indeed, vital question, whether an Irish Parliament is or is not to be associated with an Executive in Dublin, directly responsible to it, happens to be the one question which Gladstonians purposely leave in greater obscurity than any other.

We can make no similar complaint of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD. His own views on the subject of Home Rule are expressed with perfect clearness; our only difficulty is to make out their principle of cohesion, and to understand how any man can hold some of them concurrently with the others. No one can be more firmly convinced than Mr. LLOYD that Parnellite Home Rule is an impossible régime for Ireland. This conviction he not only avows at starting, but defends elaborately through a great part of his letter. It is when he goes on to make the inevitable reserve in favour of "great reforms in Irish administration," and to state what in his opinion these reforms should be, that he begins to puzzle us. Foremost among these reforms, he says, is "the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy, and with it the bureaucracy in Dublin, granting at the same time a large measure of county government; the police, of course, being retained as an Imperial organization." These suggestions, it is true, are not startling, or indeed novel, and they might be approved in the form of "pious opinions" by many people who see neither immediate possibility nor any very near likelihood of their being safely carried into effect. What makes Mr. LLOYD's case a singular one is that he thinks they can and should be carried out at once. He holds, not only that the time has arrived for the introduction of these reforms, but rather that it has been unduly delayed, and that

"the restoration of order by the present Government and the resolution to maintain it make the present a peculiarly suitable opportunity for the application of these much-needed reforms." Really this seems to us very much like saying that the recent successful employment of a fire-engine, and the resolution to use it again if necessary, creates a peculiarly suitable opportunity for the adhibition of a bellows to the still smouldering ashes. "It is thought by some," admits Mr. LLOYD with candour, "that the County Councils would neglect their duties and form themselves into so many centres of agitation." Yes, this is thought by some; and some think it so decidedly that their thought may be better described as an unalterable conviction. Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD, indeed, is not free from the suspicion himself. "No doubt," he says, "in certain cases this would be so at first"; but, he adds, the administration of the local funds by the people themselves would rapidly bring into existence local interests and parties to absorb the attention of the inhabitants, resulting in the creation of a sense of responsibility and a healthy public feeling "hitherto unknown in most parts of Ireland." But is this, after all, a statement of probable facts, or merely an arrangement of pretty phrases? We think we could find very good warrant for the latter view of it within the four corners of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD's letter, especially in that particular corner of it in which he so unfavourably contrasts the Celtic Irishman of the South with his Northern brother. It is not necessary, however, to insist on the acceptance of this latter view; it is enough that the soundness of the former view is much too uncertain a matter to gamble upon. And, in the present condition of Ireland, to constitute a number of local bodies with all the powers of English County Councils on their side, and on our own nothing but the amiable hope that they would be good enough not to turn them from the very first to Separatist purposes, would, in our judgment, be gambling of the most reckless description.

THE LOWEST DEPTH.

BY a sort of fatality which seems to dog the footsteps of the only man on the Front Bench with a political character to lose, it is always reserved for Mr. MORLEY to give his party the lead in some last and lowest plunge into the abysses of discredit. In the scandalous debate which occurred last year on the appointment of the Special Commission it fell to the lot of the member for Newcastle to be put up—forced up, some say—by his chief to read to the House a private letter, which he had received no permission from the writer to communicate, containing a violent attack upon the impartiality of one of the judges. And now, again, it is the same Mr. MORLEY who opens a debate which is to be carried on by men like Mr. HEALY and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, in their most characteristic style of insult to dignities and authorities that all decent Englishmen hold in respect. It is to be regretted, in our opinion, that the Chairman of Committees, who had to call Mr. HEALY to order for a grossly insolent reference to one of the Commissioners, did not take such a view of his jurisdiction as would have prevented, not only the possibility of such affronts to individual members of the tribunal, but the grave disrespect to the Commission as a judicial body and the flagrant outrage upon justice which the whole debate involved. It might have been technically within the rules of order for Mr. MORLEY to charge the Government with improperly and irregularly assisting one of the parties to the proceedings before the Commission; but it is surely evident that the discussion of such a charge is sure to approach very near to forbidden ground, and that it demands very careful watching and very strict control by the Chair. When, as happened on Thursday night, before Mr. MORLEY had got through a fourth part of his speech, the indictment against the Government, or even that against the Irish Constabulary, began to grow into a charge of subornation of perjury, it was clearly time for Mr. COURTNEY to have reminded these right honourable and well-protected libellers that the evidence of the witnesses, who, they were insinuating, had been bribed to forswear themselves, is still under the consideration of the tribunal to which alone it belongs to pronounce authoritatively on the truth or falsehood of their testimony. Had the Chairman taken this course, as we cannot but think he would have been amply justified in doing, he would, at

least, have saved the House from the commission of a long series of outrageous contempts of Court, and cowardly and disgraceful imputations on the characters of men unable to defend themselves.

As to the bearing of these accusations on the Government, we are not careful to answer Mr. MORLEY and his friends on that matter. That Mr. MORLEY is a little ashamed of his friends, a little uneasy in the depths to which they have descended together, was evident from his half-hearted disclaimer of any intention to impute wilful subornation of perjury to the gentlemen who sit opposite to him, and with whom he would, we suppose, be ready to shake hands in the lobby. But his allies below the gangway, and even those behind him, are not so mealy-mouthed. They adopt and revel in the imputations which Mr. MORLEY disclaims; they cheered their loudest when the CHIEF SECRETARY fixed them with the responsibility; and Mr. MORLEY cannot dissociate himself from them. He must be left to bear with them the brunt of Mr. BALFOUR's indignant words and of the response which they will awaken from every decent man in the country. To the minor charge of having unfairly favoured one of the two parties to the inquiry Mr. BALFOUR's answer is complete. The attitude adopted by the Government was practically forced upon them by the decision of the Commission with respect to its course of procedure. It was expected that Sir JAMES HANNEN and his learned colleagues would have followed the precedent set by the Commissioners appointed under such closely similar statutory powers to inquire into the Sheffield outrages, and would themselves have taken the initiative in seeking evidence relevant to the inquiry. For reasons stated by themselves, the soundness of which it is difficult to question, the Commission determined to treat the investigation with which they were charged on the footing of a civil litigation between private parties; and the Government thereby were compelled to lend their assistance to the elucidation of truth and to the production of evidence as and when they should be applied to by those parties themselves. That they have held the balance as evenly as they could is not doubted, we believe, by any impartial Englishman; and it is the misfortune of Mr. PARNELL and his followers, not the fault of the Government, that, from the nature of the case, the evidence to which access was most properly given should have been invariably and necessarily of a character adverse to that particular party to the proceedings.

A VERY BLACK MAN AND BROTHER.

"THE Ninth Murder" is not a bad heading for the first chapter of a shilling story, and would have been in better taste if it had not been forestalled by the actual events of last autumn. The writer who has made use of it is Mr. Stuart Cumberland, and he begins with it a romance entitled *A Fatal Affinity* (Spencer Blackett), which may be recognized by a design on the cover representing a very dirty hand grasping a dagger which is also a serpent, the point being the reptile's tail and the handle his ugly head.

The hero of the tale is one Colonel Mansfield, the object of whose young affections married Hardcastle. He therefore proceeded to foreign parts, especially to India, where he sought to assuage the pangs of his shattered heart by busying himself successively as a soldier, a traveller, an adept in occultism, and a Brother of the Light. Returning to London some time in the present decade, he found society agitated by the circumstance that nine females had been mysteriously murdered at regular intervals of twenty-eight days. They were of all ranks in life, from a general's daughter downwards. Each was stabbed to the heart with a single blow. Subsequent investigation revealed that, with the exception of a newly-born infant stabbed at the same time as her mother, each of them was twenty-one years of age and had a peculiar look in her eyes which meant that her soul had "not been reincarnated." There was, therefore, an affinity between them all, and also between them and a daughter of Hardcastle and Colonel Mansfield's old love, and, as soon as the Colonel discovered what was going on, he perceived that this young lady, who would be twenty-one on the day when the tenth murder would be due, would in all probability be the tenth victim. So he went to his bedroom and put on "a long flowing robe of white" (why not "a night-gown"?), "in which he looked more like the figure of a Persian magi than an English officer." (What sort of figure has a Persian magi? Does it bear any resemblance to that of a deservedly popular English bishop? But Mr. Cumberland cannot be expected to solve all the problems that he suggests to a thoughtful mind.) So apparelled the Colonel proceeded to incantate, in capitals, and with thees, thous, and the like Scriptural phrases, to the effect that he hoped his "Master" and the other Brothers of the Light would be good enough to

produce the murderer. The Master and Brothers said they would, and forthwith the murderer appeared. He was, if the expression is legitimate, a black man, and, in fact, aspired to become a Black Brother. He was, therefore, dressed in a "close-fitting tunic of black." The Colonel was unreasonably surprised to recognize in him one Ram Dass, a Hindoo, reading for the British Bar, and formerly known in his own country to the Colonel. It might be supposed that the Colonel would either have asked him his intentions with regard to Miss Hardcastle, and told him to abandon them, or in some other way interfered with his design. Nothing of the sort. Mansfield said, "What, you?" and "the form" replied, "Yes, I"; and Mansfield shuddered, and read some words in a scroll, and the form took advantage of his preoccupation to go away. It immediately repaired to the outside of Miss Hardcastle's house, came in at her bedroom window, and tried to stab her. But the Colonel had the day before given her a locket to wear over her heart, on the chance of his surmise being correct; and the dagger would not go through it, and she was saved. It should be mentioned that Ram Dass's usual body was lying in a trance at his lodgings all this time, and that what came to stab Miss Hardcastle was only his astral body. Oddly enough, however, the dagger was genuine—apparently because a lady might be stabbed to the heart with an astral dagger without being any the worse for it. If any passer-by had happened to look up at the right time he would have seen a dagger, in the shape of a serpent, walk through the air, enter a bedroom window—presumably on the first or a higher floor, as the house was in London—and plunge for a young lady's heart, all apparently of its own accord; for the astral Ram Dass was invisible, except to the gibbering Colonel and the intended victim.

The only result of the Colonel's characteristic ineptitude in catching the murderer, and letting him go again, was that the murderer knew who it was that had given Miss Hardcastle the charmed locket, and went (astrally) and reported him to the Master and Brothers of Darkness, who thereupon wanted to kill the Colonel, who had to leave his body on his bed with a note to say it would come to life again in time, and hide in some place where the Master and Brothers of the Light could take better care of him. At the moment of the full moon, the Black opposition were powerless, and then the Colonel stepped back into his bones, and left somewhat hurriedly for India, refusing to give any information as to where he had been in the interval. But the reader is privileged to assist at a particularly pleasing scene, where Ram Dass in his astral form reported progress to the Master of Darkness. Before doing so, he left a note for the victorious (though stupid) Colonel, in which he confessed to the previous murders. "Nine times," he said, "did I strike true, but thy victory hast undone me." ("Is that grammar?" said Mrs. Timmins, when she had written of her infant's "beauteous azure eye which gleamest.") She had, at least, the excuse that it rhymed to "dreamest.") The row of asterisks which follows are said by Mr. Cumberland modestly, in a footnote, to "denote passages which in their Eastern imagery are absolutely unprintable." After writing these shocking expressions, Ram Dass deposited his body as usual, and went to Travancore. There, in a suitable cave, he found the Master of Darkness, supported by the twelve Brothers of Darkness, and surrounded by jackals, dogs, night-birds, pigs, asses, apes, and reptiles. "The full eyes" of the Master "glared like an enraged tiger." Ram Dass came in and said he had failed to kill Miss Hardcastle because she had worn a charmed locket, and the dagger would not go through it. The Master, incensed at this ridiculous excuse, lost his temper and swore horribly. (Mr. Cumberland once speaks of this extremely vulgar and rowdy Black Man as the "Prince of Darkness." This is a mistake, and a libel on a gentleman.) However, he managed to point out to Dass that he had undertaken to qualify for the Brotherhood of Darkness by killing thirteen women with unreincarnated souls in thirteen months, and had not done it. As a matter of fact, Dass had a fairly good defence, because, though he had failed once, he had twice killed a brace of victims when one would have done—namely, the mother and infant above mentioned, and a pair of twins on their twenty-first birthday. So that, even without counting the baby, he had killed eight women in eight months. His astral shape, however, did not take this obvious point, and he was immediately sentenced to be corporeally killed, and have his soul transferred to a jackal, and never again allowed to "inhabit a human form." So they made his astral body stab itself, and his common body which he had left in London stabbed itself at the same time, and died with every appearance of alarm and discomfort. This story confirms all that has been previously recorded of adepts, masters, Black and White Brothers, and so on, and illustrates once more that remarkable infirmity of purpose and general inanity which for practical purposes reduce these gifted magicians at least to the level of the average human being. But as regards the actual murders it leaves one point still open. Where is Ram Dass?

"LIGHTS."

IN several ingenious games there is an institution known as "lights" by which information is afforded for the solving of difficulties. Many good people have been much troubled for some days and weeks past by the want of such lights for solving

the difficulty of Gladstonian insanity. Why do newspapers—some of them respectable, some not—begin so furiously to rage together? Why does Sir William Harcourt—a very practical man—apparently begin not merely to say (that is nothing new), but actually to imagine, a vain thing? Why does the lowest kind of Irish-American tall talk, which would hardly procure an extra cowhiding per diem for a Bowery editor, make its appearance in sheets which are vended on the streets of London? And, above all, why is there all this nonsense in Parliament night after night? What, says the plain man, is it all about? “Here” (says the plain man also) “were certain persons who had run their necks into the noose, and were in prison. Here,” he continues to remark, “are certain other persons who had the luck and the cleverness to keep their necks out of the noose, and who are still out of prison. Apparently some efforts were made to identify the persons out with the persons in. They were not so successful as they might have been. Why are the persons out not satisfied with that?” So the plain man; a person hateful to Sir George Trevelyan and the enemies of Sir George Trevelyan, in other words, to Sir George Trevelyan and the Nationalist members.

Sir George Trevelyan himself has, of his magnanimity, taken upon himself to answer at least to some extent this question of the plain man. Nobody can be better qualified. Sir George (with those about him) is the Jane Eyre of the situation, and the Parnellite party is his Mr. Rochester. Nearly the latest intelligence of Jane that we have is that she was sitting on Mr. Rochester's knee, and Sir George is very much in the same position. But the previous trials of Miss Eyre had been considerable, and if all tales are true, Sir George Trevelyan's had been worse still. It is believed that Mr. Rochester had an affection for Jane from the moment that he nearly crushed her, and the affection of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Parnell for Sir George may have dated from that memorable twenty-sixth of November four years and more ago, when Mr. O'Brien's paper said that Mr. Trevelyan “could never scrape himself clean of the ordure with which [a certain case] had daubed his reputation.” The gown is apparently washed white now; a quotation which may perhaps be familiar to Sir George, especially as Mr. O'Brien called him “the nephew of Macaulay” in the same article in which he accused him of conniving at the crimes referred to, and in another article in which he stated that “his last shred of belief in Mr. Trevelyan as a high-minded gentleman” had gone. But, the subject being very unsavoury, we must be excused from repeating many more of the earlier communications of the new Rochester with the new Jane. Let us only remark that, if any one thinks that the indignation of Sir William Harcourt & Co., Unlimited, against Mr. Balfour and the vile conspiracy is original, he will find it all, almost verbatim and with hardly a phrase changed (the particular crimes excepted), in the columns of the Parnellite newspaper during the year 1884. We really do not know whether the passionate thrift of the Irish party thought of keeping the articles in type or taking “moulds” of them. If this was done, it was only necessary to substitute “Balfour” for “Spencer and Trevelyan,” to substitute “forgery” for another word, and the whole thing was ready, most appropriately ready, for Sir William Harcourt's use.

For Sir William Harcourt, yes; but for Sir George Trevelyan himself? Is it really possible that a man whose honour is otherwise unquestioned can forget that the very persons with whom and for whom he is now working accused him, not of what are not only in but out of Ireland called “clean crimes,” but of conniving at and protecting and encouraging unmentionable offences? Sir George is hand and glove with these persons to-day—with his accusers of yesterday who are perfectly ready to accuse him again to-morrow.

The thing is curious, but it is true. By dint of threatening Sir George, the Parnellite party has mastered him. The other day a wretch was convicted whose practice was to threaten servant girls with accusations of disgraceful conduct, and who made for a time a comfortable living out of the profession. This is how the Nationalist party have dealt with Sir George. But though the fact makes his history a little strange, it makes his testimony—his blackmail paid in advocacy and not in money—all the more curious. You can retain Sir George, it would seem, for a song—or at least for a *chantage*; and the effects are as odd as the method. Sir George Trevelyan, who once called himself “an English gentleman,” describes the continuance of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues in office as a question “whether they draw eight or twelve quarters more.” Now that is certainly the way in which the persons who used to describe Sir George as an accessory after, if not before, the fact to these crimes would look at the matter. To them, of course, it is all a matter of salary. But fancy the “nephew of Macaulay” (we are obliged to Mr. O'Brien for being able to borrow instead of inventing the word) taking this view. Sir George went on to accuse the Government of keeping many persons in prison for offences which were not offences in this country. The offences of which Mr. O'Brien accused Sir George of conniving at are, if we mistake not, offences in this country and most others. But Sir George is a Christian man, and has forgotten all that—let us, for it is a sufficiently unpleasant subject, forget it too for a time.

Fortunately, he gives us plenty of opportunity to talk of other things. Sir George, it seems, prides himself on bye-election successes, because since he has been in Parliament Liberals have generally lost at bye-elections. And this is the man who was

once regarded as a coming statesman! Sir George Trevelyan entered Parliament twenty-four years ago. During that time Liberal Governments have been in office rather less than two-thirds of the time and Tory Governments rather more than one-third. It is a well-known rule (which Sir George may have been thinking of in his Gladstonian way) that bye-elections tend to go against the Government, and therefore it is, no doubt, true that in his experience they have on the average tended to go for the Tories. What comforting conclusion he can draw from this is not obvious. But what can be expected of a man who could actually pronounce (not with apparent, as Sir William Harcourt would have done, but) with real solemnity the sentences “Irishmen are a high-minded, patriotic, and public-spirited people. Every Irishman is anxious to be allowed to serve his country in some capacity, *paid or unpaid*, civic or official”? Wonderful as this is, it is still more astonishing that an ex-Secretary for Ireland should follow up this sentence about the anxiety of the Irishman for a place (with or without a “pension”) by remarking that at present the Irishman “saw offices given over his head to those who were the declared enemies of his country.” Now of the present office-holders in Ireland a not inconsiderable proportion must have been appointed by Sir George Trevelyan himself or with his concurrence. A much larger proportion, or, to speak reasonably, all but a very few, must have been retained in offices from which he could have dismissed them had he chosen. Therefore, we must suppose that Sir George Trevelyan either deliberately appointed or deliberately retained in office in Ireland those whom he knew to be enemies of Ireland. He himself says so; there is no escape from it. Really there seems to have been something in Mr. O'Brien's charges and allegations.

After this anything might happen; for when a man accuses himself of such practices he becomes as trustworthy as, let us say, Mr. Pigott. But Sir George had not manifested his devotion to Mr. Rochester sufficiently even yet. Speaking on “the letters” he brought up the “hesitancy” and “hesitancy” argument. Sir George knows that that argument does not affect all the letters, or the most important. He knows that his ignorant audience would think it affected the most important or all. And yet he uses it. And the climax is capped by a suggestion that Sir Richard Webster “would throw upon the table a letter charging Lord Spencer or Mr. Morley with diverting trust money or some other infamous action.” Sir George is too modest. Not merely has Lord Spencer—not in company with Mr. Morley, but with a person then known as Mr. Trevelyan—been accused of “some other infamous action,” but we know what the “infamous action” was. It was an action compared with which the diverting of trust money is quite a respectable proceeding. If a man in or out of either of their offices had committed it, he could not any more have been countenanced by respectable politicians. Has Sir George “emerged from the shadow of that foul accusation”? to use his own words. How, then, about the foul accusers? Sir George admires “the patience with which Irishmen are fighting their uphill battle.” And one of the steps uphill was accusing Sir George himself of playing Sir Pandarus of Troy (though we heartily beg the pardon of Cressid's ill-treated uncle for introducing his name in such a manner) between Sir George knows whom and whom!

Let us wash our hands and rinse our mouths after this. If Sir George Trevelyan can touch with a pair of tongs the men who said about him the things which stand in irremovable memory and monument, if he can speak of the wretches who made these really “infamous” charges, these really “foul accusations” against himself and Lord Spencer, not merely with Christian forgiveness, but with beslaving adulation, to audiences who luckily are ignorant enough not to turn sick at his words, there are some people who cannot. It would be a terrible thing if some one were to go to Sir George's next meeting, and, when he is dilating on the virtues of the Nationalist members, cry, “How long is it since they called you an accomplice of —?” But the new Georges Dandin would have provoked it if some one did. Meanwhile the daring of such a retort, if it be in itself incomprehensible, at least explains other things after a fashion. Nothing is strange in a party which has such leaders.

RICHARD III. AT THE GLOBE.

THERE seems to be no possible cause for doubt as to the way in which a manager should set about the preparation of a masterpiece. That way is diligently to study the work, so that it may be presented as nearly as possible according to the letter and the spirit of the original. We regret that Mr. Mansfield has not followed this method, and that on the contrary he has once more introduced into Shakspeare's play the “ribald trash” of Cibber, which we had hoped Mr. Irving had finally banished from the stage. Let us hasten to admit that there is a great deal which is interesting in Mr. Mansfield's production of *Richard III.* at the Globe Theatre; but it must ever remain a marvel why so brilliant an actor did not give us the unadulterated Richard of Shakspeare. It may not be a good acting play, but it is immeasurably better by itself than with what Cibber describes as “such alterations as I thought not improper.” The ingenious Mr. Cibber was a very clever man, but he could not improve Shakspeare, and, indeed, though excellent as a comedian and as a writer of comedy,

he failed as a tragedian (whatever Sir John Vanbrugh may have told him about his extraordinary resemblance to Sandford, Cibber's venerated model), and showed no aptitude for tragic composition. It is urged as a defence that Charles Kean retained a quantity of Cibber's additions; on the other hand, Mr. Henry Irving did not. Reverence for Shakspeare should forbid any tampering with his work, but besides this much of the Cibber emendation is so sadly feeble, commonplace, and even ridiculous—we have quoted Charles Lamb's curt summary, "ribald trash"—that there is no sort of excuse for its retention. So much we feel bound to say; nevertheless, in the Globe revival of the tragedy there is very much for which it is impossible to feel otherwise than grateful. Pictorially the representation is altogether admirable. Dress, armour, weapons, ornaments, are most carefully designed, and the figures form the foreground of scenes striking for their rustic beauty, for the massiveness of tower walls, or for the structure and decoration of interiors—Crosby Hall, Baynard Castle, and the rest. We hesitate in expressing preference when all is so good, but the delightful "On the Road to Chertsey" dwells specially in our memory, a singularly charming peep of fifteenth-century England. The work could scarcely be better mounted. The accurate by no means invariably includes the picturesque, but the combination is found here.

It is said that the performance of Richard is Mr. Mansfield's first essay in Shakspearian interpretation; and, if this be so, it is clear that a very notable addition will be made to the narrow ranks of players who are capable of the highest efforts of their art. Mr. Mansfield has excellent qualities, and utilizes them with striking tact and judgment, but it remains to see what is his conception of the character as a whole. We follow his meaning in isolated scenes, and appreciate the methods by which he makes that meaning clear; at times, however, we fail to follow him, and this, perhaps, because he does not follow Shakspeare. We have no sort of leaning towards the big hump on the back, twisted legs, and the corkscrew ringlets which marked the conventional Richard; nevertheless Gloucester speaks of himself as:—

cartail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;

and Mr. Mansfield has perceived here a divided duty. He has "studiously consulted for his make-up" four existing portraits of the King, and these make him by no means ill-looking, deformed, or unfinished. No dog would think of barking at this Richard, whose features and proportions are fair enough at the time when he so bitterly condemns them. The evidence of our eyes does not confirm that of our ears; we feel that this is not the Richard of Shakspeare, and reflect that when artists paint the portrait of a royal duke they may be apt to flatter, though the Countess of Desmond and others have left on record that which to some extent confirms the flattering artists.

The Richard of 1483 is greatly superior to him of twelve years before. Mr. Mansfield treats and composes his face with considerable skill. There are lines of care and thought on his features, and he plays very well indeed in the scene with the young Princes, not overdoing the plausibility of his bearing to his nephews, and yet sufficiently showing that he regards the hapless birds as trapped. The interview with the Lord Mayor, who, instigated by Buckingham, comes to force the offer of the crown on the apparently reluctant Protector is a little less to the purpose, because the actor falls into the error of over-emphasizing the mock humility of Richard. The two Bishops are too obviously paraded, and Richard's abstraction is overdone. A man of the world, as Richard is known to be, would not suddenly become so absorbed in his book of devotions as to lose himself and forget his surroundings, nor would he have given way to such an act of exultation as the throwing of the book high into the air. He holds the book for a purpose, and when that purpose was served might very likely throw it contemptuously aside; but the action of flinging it up into the air is too light-hearted and school-boyish. The end of the scene in the Presence Chamber is almost too subtle. We refer to the descent of the King from the throne, when left by himself, because a ray of red light, the shadow from a stained glass window, has fallen on his hand. He is reminded of the blood the hand has shed, and for the first time shows a degree of apprehension which is much at variance with all his previous career. The notion of the stained hand is ingenious; still we do not fancy that two years before his death (and the date is fixed by the death of Buckingham, who was executed in 1483, the battle of Bosworth Field having been fought in 1485) Richard would have been disturbed by a suggestive stain. For the last act we have little else than cordial praise, though in the earlier scene Richard is almost too conscious of impending fate. The figure crouching over the fire outside the tent has little resemblance to the resolute Gloucester. We like to trace in the text the warrant for what an actor does, and Mr. Mansfield finds his justification in the lines:—

I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have;

but the despondency of Richard is made more pronounced by the introduction of an excerpt from the Prologue, spoken by Chorus, to the fourth act of *Henry V.*—an inexcusable liberty with *Richard III.* Surely these interpolations are a mistake? Student

and lovers of Shakspeare are annoyed at hearing scraps from foreign sources thus dragged in; those who are not students of the play—and to them it must be that an adaptation with Cibber's additions is intended to appeal—are not likely to be gratified with soliloquies which delay its action. But the fights are really excellent in their semblance of actuality. Richard's repulse of a throng of the enemy whom he beats back from a bridge on which they attack him, confident in the strength of numbers, is a most exciting episode; and the final combat with Richmond was, in fact, much more severe than would be supposed by those who have read the very various criticisms of the crowning incident of the battle, or than the careless observer would imagine. With all its energy, dash, and apparent desperation, every movement of such a fight must be most carefully arranged—it is greatly to the credit of the players that this is so little, or indeed not at all, obvious—for a blow that missed its mark, still more a parry that failed, would not only upset the whole business, but most likely render it ludicrous or even dangerous. It is a very stirring fight, and by no means so simple as it may appear to the uninitiated. Summing up the entire study, we find much that is of the highest promise for Mr. Mansfield's success as a Shakspearian actor; but we find also a certain lack of the malignancy which was beyond doubt a chief characteristic of Shakspeare's Richard ("determined to prove a villain"), and of the bitter, grim savage humour without which due interpretation cannot be given to many speeches.

The support accorded to the leading actor is of varied merit. Miss Beatrice Cameron is an extremely winning and sympathetic Lady Anne, and bears herself well in the scene of the courtship, one of the most difficult an actress can be called upon to play. The action with the sword might be—perhaps by this time has become—more determined. We would have Anne threaten as if she really meant to strike. Eight lines before she takes the sword the stage direction shows that "she looks scornfully at him"; we know that there is fury in her scorn, and we conceive that her first impulse is really to kill. "She offers at him with the sword," and she should do so as if she meant it. Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Carlotta Leclercq as the Queen and the Duchess of York show marked capacity. Of the latter we fully expected this, for Miss Leclercq is well practised in Shakspeare; but Miss Rorke's success was somewhat of a surprise to us. The Prince of Wales was admirably acted by Miss Bessie Hatton, whose combination of gentleness and dignity was really astonishing in a child. She carries herself like a prince, to stretch out a royal hand for kisses is a perfectly natural action, and she takes her seat upon the throne modestly indeed, but with a sense of right and no diffidence; yet withal she is loving and trusting and childlike. Miss Isa Bowman's Duke of York is also good. The little Prince's pertness to his uncle Buckingham is very boyish. Some of the elder players are sadly loose in their text, and mangle the verse shockingly. We certainly do not desire, and have delighted to regard as extinct, the old-fashioned manner of insisting on the rhythm; the more natural method, for the introduction of which Mr. Irving is so largely responsible, is a most praiseworthy development; still, verse is verse, and all substitutions are both inexcusable and distressing, even if superfluous syllables are not introduced, as here they usually are. Several of the Globe players have no ear for verse, and this deficiency is not mitigated by rigid adherence to the text. Mr. Allen Beaumont's King Henry VI. (borrowed from the previous play) is, however, a very skilful performance; and there are good points in the Buckingham of Mr. Fernandez, though he is one of the actors who mar the verse. Mr. Luigi Lablache, as Richmond, shares the perils of the fight and is soldierly enough; but something in the nature of a lisp marks his utterance, and such a trifling drawback is particularly obvious when verse has to be spoken. Mr. Harkins, as Stanley, is apparently the American of whom Mr. Mansfield spoke when lately commenting on the nationalities of his company. His accent gives a quaint air to his speeches as a mediæval hero. Mr. Norman Forbes cleverly conceals the fact that he is not very well placed as Catesby. The stage management is very good. Of course the frequent descents of the curtain are tiresome; but the fine stage pictures form handsome compensations. Mr. German has written for the tragedy music which has peculiar appropriateness and is the work of a highly-cultivated and gifted musician.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

THE Board of Trade is to be congratulated on the promptitude with which it now issues the Annual Return of Life Assurance Companies, with accounts and abstracts of the actuarial reports. So late as 1886 the Return was not in the hands of the public till late in July. This year it has become available in the first week of March. This is very creditable to the authorities, and the publication could take place earlier still were it not for the necessity of having the Return presented to the House of Commons, and ordered by it to be printed. In one sense, too, the Return is satisfactory, since it shows a considerable, though a very gradual, increase in the amount of business done by the Companies. Thus in the year 1877 one hundred and eleven Companies had premium incomes amounting in the aggregate to 12,059,000*l.* In 1888 the aggregate premium incomes of only one hundred and four Companies amounted to 17,491,000*l.* In the

twelve years, that is, there was an increase in the premium incomes of 5,432,000*l.*, or about 45 per cent.; while the number of Companies earning those incomes fell in the interval from one hundred and eleven to one hundred and four, or by 7 per cent. But the increase, nevertheless, is very gradual. Thus the premium incomes in 1887 amounted in the aggregate to 16,730,000*l.* Therefore the increase last year was only 761,000*l.*, or about 4½ per cent. Commenting some months ago upon the state of life insurance business, we pointed out that several years ago the Companies had awakened to the fact that, owing to several circumstances, the chief of which was the agricultural depression, business had become stationary, and in some directions was falling off. They turned their attention, in the first place, to foreign countries; but they soon found that the risks attending life assurance business abroad were dangerously great. And they came to the conclusion that the chief field open to them was at home. They then began to reconsider their rules, and they discovered that many of those rules had become antiquated, and were calculated to discourage insurance. For a considerable time past, in consequence, they have been revising and reforming their rules; and the reforms introduced have so strongly commended themselves to the public that business has been steadily increasing. From the figures given above, however, it will be seen that the increase is still very gradual; and when we contrast the increase in the business done by our own Companies with that of foreign Companies, and more particularly of American Companies, we see how very lacking in enterprise our own Companies still are. Thus, in the year 1887 the Mutual Company of New York secured very nearly 14½ millions sterling of new business. In the same year the New York Life Office secured an increase in business of nearly 20½ millions sterling, while the Equitable Company of the United States had an increase in the amount assured of over 26½ millions sterling. There is, of course, a considerable difference in this respect between the several British Companies. The Prudential Company in its ordinary department increased its business last year, according to the Report issued this month, by about 4,400,000*l.* And the Gresham Company, in the year ended with June last, had an increase of business of over 1½ million. But there are only three other Companies—the Scottish Widows, the Scottish Provident, and the Standard—which show an increased business in the sums assured within the year exceeding a million sterling. It may be, of course, that the American Companies with which we have been comparing our own are less careful. It is easy, undoubtedly, to increase business if managers are ready to take any that is offered, however risky. It is, therefore, possible that the three American Companies are going ahead too fast. We give no opinion on that point. We are merely admitting that this may be so. But still it is hardly conceivable that the greater part of so enormous an increase can be bad. *Prima facie*, at all events, it seems reasonable to conclude that our own Companies are wanting in energy and enterprise. In any case, it is certain that American and Colonial Companies are obtaining business in this country which one would think ought by preference to go to our Companies.

What makes the comparative stationariness of business in the case of our own Companies the more remarkable is that those Companies are increasing very largely the cost of obtaining new business. In recent articles we have twice pointed out how serious is the increase in the ratio borne by the expenses of management to the premium incomes, and we have urged upon the Companies that it is incumbent upon them to keep down this ratio, and to endeavour in some other way to attract those who wish to insure their lives. It must, of course, be admitted that commissions are necessary. A good agent well placed is often able to influence business to a very great extent. And it is worth while to pay him well to induce him to do so. But there are agents and agents, and there is need for discriminating between them. At all events, it does not appear from the returns published year after year that the results obtained compensate for the greatly increased expenditure. Every year the *Statist* is at the trouble of tabulating the several Companies in four classes, showing the proportion borne by the cost of management, including commissions, to the premium incomes. The tables so published extend now over a dozen years and are very valuable, inasmuch as they enable us to trace during this considerable period the growth of the expenses of management. We find from our contemporary that, whereas in 1878 there were as many as nineteen Companies, with premium incomes aggregating 2,891,570*l.*, the proportion of whose expenses, including commissions, to premium incomes was only 8 per cent., last year the number of Companies had fallen to ten. The premium incomes of these ten Companies aggregated 2,011,230*l.*, and the proportion of expenses, including commissions, to the premium incomes was still 8 per cent. This is a little better than in 1877, for then there were only nine Companies whose proportion of expenses to premium incomes was under 10 per cent. But even last year there was, compared with 1878, a falling off of as many as nine Companies in the number whose proportion of expenses to premium incomes was under 10 per cent. Again, we find that in 1878 there were as many as forty-five Companies, with premium incomes aggregating 6,213,209*l.*, whose proportion of expenses, including commissions, to premium incomes was 12½ per cent. Last year the number had fallen to thirty-five. The premium incomes aggregated 6,484,317*l.*, and the proportion of expenses, including commissions, to premium incomes was 12·3 per cent.

In this class, with expenses of management ranging from 10 to 15 per cent., while there was a falling off of ten in the number of Companies, there was a slight increase in the premium incomes, and a small decrease in the proportion of expenses to premiums. But the final result is that, whereas in 1878 there were sixty-four Companies whose proportion of expenses, including commissions, to premium incomes was under 15 per cent., last year there were only forty-five. This is a falling off of nineteen Companies, or nearly 30 per cent. On the other hand, in 1878 there were only seven Companies, with premium incomes amounting to 440,527*l.*, whose proportion of expenses to premium incomes ranged from 15 to 20 per cent. The average for the seven was 16·4 per cent. Last year there were as many as twenty-two Companies, with premium incomes aggregating 2,882,297*l.*, whose proportion of expenses, including commissions, to the premium incomes ranged from 15 to 20 per cent., the average being 16·4 per cent., or exactly the same as in 1878. It will be seen from the figures just given that the number of Companies whose proportion of expenses, including commissions, to premium incomes range from 15 to 20 per cent. increased between 1878 and 1888 from seven to twenty-two, or over 200 per cent., and the premium incomes increased from 440,000*l.* to 2,882,000*l.* The premium incomes, that is, were multiplied seven times, being an increase of 600 per cent. The shifting of Companies from one class to another was mainly, therefore, from those with a proportion of expenses to premium incomes under 15 per cent. to the class whose proportion of expenses to premium incomes ranged from 15 to 20 per cent. In the two classes with proportions under 15 per cent. there was a falling off from 1878 to 1888 of nineteen, while in the class with proportions from 15 to 20 per cent. there was an increase in the same time of fifteen Companies. In the last class—that in which the proportion of expenses, including commissions, to premium incomes exceeds 20 per cent.—the number of Companies in 1878 was thirty-five and in 1888 was thirty-seven, showing an increase of two Companies, or nearly 6 per cent. And the premium incomes of this class rose from 2,557,000*l.* in 1878 to 6,113,000*l.* The average proportion of expenses, including commissions, to premium incomes was 39·8 per cent. in 1878 and 38½ per cent. last year, being a slight falling off.

We cannot too strongly and too often urge upon the Companies the necessity for keeping down this constant and serious growth in the expenses. Insurance Companies out of their premium incomes have to accumulate a fund sufficient to pay the policies which they contract to make good. They have also to give out of those incomes bonuses where such are payable. They have to distribute dividends where there are shareholders. And, lastly, they have to defray all the expenses of management, including commissions. Now, it is obvious that if the expenses of management go on growing at the rate at which they have increased during the past dozen years, it will be difficult for many Companies to meet their liabilities. It is not to be forgotten that while the expenses are thus steadily rising, the yield upon investments is constantly falling. Owing to the long-continued agricultural depression a large part of the most profitable business formerly done by insurance Companies is no longer open to them, while in consequence of a scarcity of sound Stock Exchange investments the prices of those investments are rising year after year, and the return they give upon money invested in them is becoming smaller and smaller. The insurance Companies have thus two difficulties to encounter, the constantly growing proportion of expenses to premium incomes, and as constant a diminution in the return from investments. The latter difficulty is beyond the control of the insurance Companies. It arises out of conditions which they cannot in any way alter. But the proportion of expenses is under their control. And it is only by keeping them down that they can maintain themselves in a prosperous position. It may be objected that in thus urging economy we are inconsistent. With one breath we are declaring that British Companies are less energetic and less enterprising than American and Colonial Companies, and almost with the same breath we are telling them that to maintain themselves in a safe position they must keep down the proportion of their expenses. We submit, however, that there is no inconsistency in what we say. It seems to us, on the contrary, that the Companies are not altogether judiciously incurring these increased expenses. If they were, their business would increase more rapidly than it is increasing at present. It is for them, therefore, to look carefully into the matter, to see where non-productive expenditure can be stopped or considerably reduced, and where money may be laid out with greater benefit.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

WITH the first bright days of the dawn of spring the Institute of Painters in Water Colours opens its gallery to the public, and it may be that the sunshine has prejudiced us. But we think not; we fancy that the exhibition is really a good one, and above the average. If so, it is due, not to the industry of the most prominent men who belong to it, but to the energy of the rank and file, since the leaders of the Institute are not prominent this year. We miss Messrs. Abbey, Gow, Alfred Parsons, and J. W. Waterhouse altogether; while Sir James Linton and Mr. E. J. Gregory, who are the pillars or mainstays of the

Institute, do not put out their full strength. But Mr. Langley is powerful and moving as ever, Mr. Wyllie and Mr. C. Green support their reputation, and in several departments, but especially in landscape, there is abundance of really excellent work. Of course there are plenty of potboilers, plenty of drawings like oleographs, plenty of direct appeals to the British Mother of Babies; but these appear to be somewhat less numerous than usual, and the general level is serious and rather high.

We will first discuss the drawings, which, for one reason or another, seem to deserve most attention. The President sends only one drawing, "Beppina" (323), a single figure of a girl, quaintly dressed in a red costume with white sleeves, and a broad grey hat, like a doctor's cap, on her head. This is highly finished, but not very important. Mr. Gregory, who always strikes us as possessing gifts as an artist which, if cultivated, might rank second to none in Europe, and as persistently refusing to cultivate them, exhibits "The Sound of Oars" (336), an exasperatingly clever, ugly, ineffective, and yet marvellously painted study of a woman in a hammock, under trees by a river, swinging a blue umbrella, and twisting herself round to listen to an unseen boat approaching. This drawing looks like an instantaneous photograph. It is perhaps the most talented work in the exhibition, and yet certainly a failure. Mr. Langley, with inferior native powers, is getting beyond Mr. Gregory. His three pictures from Cornish fisher-life are all telling in their intensity of pathetic expression. "O for the touch of a vanished hand!" (123) shows us a widow, seated on one side of a stranded boat, while her children play on the other; behind them all is an oily and treacherous gulf of calm sea. "Sunshine and Shadow" (317) is less important, but "Disaster" (710), albeit a little bewildered in composition, is one of the finest pictures Mr. Langley has painted. It represents a scene of tragic confusion on the beach of a Cornish fishing village; the cause of the confusion should, perhaps, be more directly intelligible. Mr. W. Hatherell has been extremely successful in his "Deck Quoits" (5), the best drawing he has yet exhibited. The figures of the players and by-sitters are admirably solid, and the most delicious oceanic atmosphere, all light and breeze, seems to blow through the composition. This is a very charming drawing. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, the new A.R.A., sends "A New Colossus" (308), the body of H.M. ship *Teutonic* lying in dock; the colour of the ironclad monster, dark blue above and red below, is given very effectively, and the drawing, though of so stern a subject, is a beautiful one. A work of quite exceptional originality and charm is Mr. Aumonier's "Summer Moonlight" (445), sheepfolds, and three mossy cottages, with a broad, low moor behind them, steeped in the grey mystery of moonshine. An exceedingly noble drawing of the façade of Rouen Cathedral (762), grey and dim with mist, signed by M. Jules Lessore, closes our first list of noticeable drawings. The visitor who has only time to make a very hurried review may concentrate his attention on these nine works, with a confidence that he has not missed what is best in this year's Institute.

But there are many other praiseworthy drawings, and we will take them in the order of their coming. Two pleasant landscapes stand close to the entrance—Mr. Thomas Pyne's "Valley of the Arun" (12), and Mr. Holloway's "King's Lynn" (13). Mr. C. MacIver Grierson deserved a better place for his "Compulsory Education" (58), a clown (why in mauve tights?) painfully engaged in training a black dog and a white one. Mr. Joseph Knight's landscape of heroic size, "A Moorland Road" (74), hangs in the place of honour in the West Gallery. It has all the characteristics of his work—his lustrous spaces, carefully-finished surface, and favourite balance between dark green and deep crimson. We cannot but pause before Mr. Yeend King's "Water Bridge, Newbury" (116), because it is forcibly drawn and boldly coloured; but its crudity is not satisfactory. It recalls to us what we used to see at Suffolk Street, and what, no doubt, we shall see again there. Very fresh, and radiantly blue, is Mr. Robert Allen's "Day in Arran" (128). Mr. Caffieri's pier-scenes (141, 625) are equally salt and breezy, in a different way. A heroic landscape, courageously painted in direct rivalry with Turner, is Mr. Bernard Evans's fine "Knaresboro" (195), one of the best pictures of the school which we have lately seen. Miss Gertrude Demain Hammond (a new name to us) deserves great praise for the elegance and scholarly finish of her "Decorative Panel" (196) of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. Two other ladies—Miss Freeman, with "The Shop on the Quay" (211), and Miss Atkins, with a long quaint drawing of garden-walls and cats couchant (238)—have done well.

In the Central Gallery we must pause to point out Mr. Elgood's "Azaleas" (254), Mr. Edwin Bale's "Olives at Bordighera" (264), and Mr. Fulleylove's "Windor Castle from the Brocas" (267). "What do you make of her?" (328), by Mr. Tuke, is an admirably realistic sketch, very freely painted, of two sailors, one of whom anxiously peers through a telescope. In "Weary Waiting" (342), by a well-known artist whom we forbear to name, we have an example of that unconscious conventionalism which is so tiresome in some English painters. Here is a lady who wears out a lovely evening by the fire, while four men play whist at a card-table in the background. She is supposed to have waited for hours, yet not a line, not a tint, in her face expresses fatigue; she looks perfectly fresh, perfectly smiling and insipid. She is merely a model in pose; dramatic reality there is none. Mr. John Scott has painted a well-worn

theme very delicately and carefully in "Many Woovers sought her Hand" (364). Farce of the most hilarious kind, farce worthy of Mr. Fred Barnard, riots in Mr. C. Green's "Mr. Mantalini and the Brokers" (409). That naughty charmer, in a gorgeous dressing-gown and amazing Indian trousers, appears to be inquiring "What's the dem'd total?" Mr. Simpson's Japanese landscapes, each commanded by the silver peak of Fujiyama, may not be quite artistic, but they are exceedingly interesting. Mr. Dollman is devoted to the humours of the postilion; his "Health of the Bride" (464) is a clever, bright example of this class of his work. An exquisite little landscape is Mr. East's "Wet Weather" (468). Mr. Cyrus Johnson paints a glowing cloud behind the church, and the Sun Inn, at "Dedham" (476). Other landscapes of more than common merit are Mr. Weedon's "Summer Skies" (484) and Mr. Fred Cotman's brilliant "St. Ives; Afternoon" (502). The famous Dutch water-colour painter, M. Jozef Israels, contributes two, not very important, drawings to the present show at the Institute. The largest of these, "The Widower" (510), suggests a treatment of a similar subject by the late Frank Holl. It is very dismal and black, with light dimly entering on the left hand. A cradle, with a baby in it, stands close to the poor man, who is mending his own clothes with pathetic clumsiness.

In the East Gallery we find less which demands particular attention. Mr. Nettleship's lioness, "Alert" (553), is a vigorous and careful study. "Coming Home" (585), by M. Israels, is very rough and dark; it represents an old woman walking along a twilight road, behind a dog which draws a small cart. Mr. Fred Evans deserves much commendation for a carefully-composed figure-picture of a rustic dancing lesson, called "Learning the Step" (520). "Lost Time" (680), by Mr. Steer, displays cleverly the dismay of a country buck in London streets at finding that his watch has been stolen from him. Another good example of Mr. Aumonier, though altogether less striking than No. 445, is "Old Shoreham" (706). We might mention other excellent work; but we must here draw our rapid review to a close, congratulating the Institute on a good exhibition.

A gay and pleasant collection of modern—mostly extremely modern—pictures is on view at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries in the Haymarket. This exhibition would be well worthy of a visit if it was only on account of a very curious and superb example of Fortuny, "Le Jardin du Poète" (125). An "incroyable" poet, with a vain, brutal face which is a study in itself, stands on a small carpet reading his new tragedy out of a book which he holds in his left hand, while his right arm supports the ample form of a fair but very inattentive lady. His audience of bewigged and strangely-garmented exquisites sits in a half-circle in front of him. A rich, neglected garden, a perfect riot of foliage and blossom, luxuriates all round the group. Some hollyhocks in particular, taller than the heads of the figures, repeat the splendid yellows and salmon tints of the satin clothes the people wear. It is an astonishing work, thoroughly characteristic of its author, amazing in its originality, fantastic and sinister in its sentiment, and rather crude in its colour, but bearing the positive stamp of genius. After gazing at this enigma we turn to some brand-new little Meissoniers (27-29), scenes of old French military life, clear and clean, perfectly satisfactory, and not the least enigmatical, showing how firm and delicate the famous hand is still at seventy-four. A fine Favretto, "Market Day" (3), shows Venice in the light in which Van Haanen and his school have taught us to see it. Raffaele Sorbi paints "Dante" (5) reciting to a gay group in robes of positive colours, with a clever realistic background. From the famous Swedish master, Ferdinand Fagerlin, we are glad to receive "Evening Devotion" (12), a rich, dark interior, peopled with grave Scandinavian faces, the treatment reminiscent of Israels. Mr. Wyllie's "Ugly Ducklings" (23), a number of hideous little torpedo-boats racing across a calm bay, and making a boiling cauldron of it, is amusing and picturesque. It is impossible for us to do justice to the many excellent pictures at Messrs. Tooth's. Perhaps we shall see some of them again, a little later, in "another place." In the meantime, we must but just mention some admirable landscapes of the Munich school, particularly those of Von Spangl, inspired by Théodore Rousseau, of Büttner, and of Veltén. Mr. F. D. Millet's delicately painted figure of a tall girl, striking "A Tender Chord" (73) on her viol, is very charming. Mr. David Farquharson's scenes of Scotch harbours are interesting and original. The amateur may here compare Karl Heffner, the German Leader, with his popular English prototype, whose work hangs on the same wall. We must only name Messrs. Jochmus, Pettie, Woods, Benlliure, Aumonier, Billet, and Heywood Hardy among well-known European artists whose contributions add to the interest of this meritorious collection.

The twenty-fifth annual exhibition of oil-paintings at Mr. McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket is also very clean and modern. There is no very important picture here, but many interesting specimens by well-known painters, and in their familiar styles. This is not a gallery where eccentricity is encouraged. The man who is known for painting long-haired cattle or marble floors or pretty girls is desired strictly to keep himself to his pretty girls or his marble or his cattle. There is no occasion for him to trench on his neighbour's province, or see what he can strike out for himself. As we enter we are attracted by a "Warrior" of Mr. Seymour Lucas's, a clever study. There is a pretty and refreshing effect in Mme. Demont Breton's "Mischief," a little blue boy in a very green apple-tree. Mr. Pettie's "Beginning of

a "Fray" ought to be part of a theatrical drop-scene; it is effective at a distance, but very flimsily painted. Sir J. E. Millais paints, in "Ducklings," one of his wide-eyed maidens, very pink, in a green dress, with ducklings at her feet. It is very pretty and silly, and what the British public dotes upon. C. Hartmann has a pair of humorous pictures of boys getting themselves into trouble, cleverly put together, and with excellent tones of grey. Jules Breton's "Heartache" is very conventional, a pot-boiler from over-seas. In Mr. Albert Moore's "Marigolds" the yellow draperies are lovely. There is a large and excellent example of Munkacsy, "Love and Song," not carried very far, but the most artistic work in the exhibition, and almost the only one which looks as if it had been painted for the love of art. The expression of the man's face is admirable. There are also examples, more or less tolerable, of Mme. Rosa Bonheur, Messrs. Rivière, Burgess, Henry Moore, Van Haanen, Birket Foster, and Pott.

The Alpine Club lately opened its rooms to a collection of water-colour drawings of Alpine scenery made during the past twenty years by Mr. Alfred Williams, of Salisbury. The distinguished patronage under which these sketches and studies appear is enough to ensure their accuracy and scientific value. They are, in fact, extremely careful and minute, and represent, no doubt, the scenes in the High Alps with almost photographic exactness. Their artistic value is not quite so great. No department of modern painting has remained so little affected by changes in technical treatment as Alpine scenery. After the lapse of a hundred years our Alpine painters have advanced very little beyond the conventional manner invented by De la Rive, in that famous picture of Mont Blanc which revolutionized the taste of Europe. Of the present collection there is something fine in the glow of colour thrown over the "Monte Rosa from the Col de la Miranda" (4); the "Calotte of Mont Blanc" (9) is a small pretty drawing; "Saas Grat, from the Augstbord Pass" (13) is broadly and vigorously drawn; "Piz Popena" (33) is an interesting study of crumbling Dolomite; "The Silberhorn, from Wengern Alp," is simple, and one of the best drawings in the Gallery. On the other hand, the artist has failed, in the most ambitious of his pictures, the "Mont Blanc de Courmayeur" (40), to give so much as an indication of the marvellous effect he has tried to render, the striking of the earliest rose-coloured light on the topmost peak, before sunrise, when everything else is still in darkness. He has drawn his mountain carefully, and then has stained it with what looks like the lees of old port-wine. We want a little impressionism here, to sweep away the old unobtrusive tradition of treatment and the chromo-lithographic smoothness of surface. Even in the style of the old school there is nothing at the Alpine Club so good as what the best Swiss mountain-painters—Albert Gos, for instance, or Lemaître—are accustomed to give us.

The sun is still ahead of the painters as an Alpine artist, and we turn with satisfaction to the superb collection of photographs by the late Mr. W. F. Donkin, now being exhibited by the committees of the Alpine Club and the Photographic Society at the Gainsborough Gallery in Old Bond Street. The high altitude at which the photographs have been taken forms the chief peculiarity of the exhibition. Views of the Alps are commonly made from points far below the snow-line, and often at great distances, so that the impression is dim even when it is not fatally shortened. We have here vignette portraits of all those "monstrous children of God" taken from their immediate neighbourhood—Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, and the Dent du Géant, first in profile, then *en face*, then from behind, and all familiarly. Then we find them, in smaller size, taken consecutively, so as to form a most satisfactory panoramic series when placed closely side by side. We very strongly recommend to our readers this magnificent array of intimate Alpine photographs.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

It is a pity that Mr. J. W. Pigott, the author of *The Bookmaker*, produced during the week at Terry's Theatre, was not able to construct a better plot for the exhibition of the very amusing character he has devised. When we find that a young man, and that young man heir to a peerage, is unable to offer his hand to the lady of his love, we know perfectly well what the reason must be; he is married already, it cannot be else. We are also aware that two methods of release are open to him—either the wife can be reported dead, or it can be shown that the marriage was illegal, and the reason given for this is, as a rule, that she has committed bigamy. These things befall in *The Bookmaker* as they have befallen in hundreds of previous plays; the utilization of this exceedingly trite incident is the one weak spot in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Before Mr. Pigott's comedy is half over, the personage whose calling affords a name for the piece, Sir Joseph Trent, suddenly metamorphosed from a bookmaker to a wealthy baronet, remarks that he has been married to an unworthy wife; and the youngest playgoer cannot have failed to perceive how things were even before the two met. When, however, they do meet at the end of the second act, and instantly recognize each other, the play is over, and the third act becomes superfluous, so far as any development of story goes, for in fact the story is told. Sir Joseph Trent was worth a place among less conventional people who do less familiar things in a less obvious way; for Mr. Terry's

study of the character is singular, fresh, natural, and humorous. We do not fancy, by the way, that the bookmaker generally cares much for the horse, except as an instrument of gambling; but it is perfectly legitimate to make Sir Joseph an exception. For reasons in connexion with the will under which he inherits, Sir Joseph visits Lord Harborough, and feels exceedingly uncomfortable when he arrives. Lady Jessie, the Earl's daughter, puts him at his ease, however, and encourages him to talk about racing, the subject to which she is devoted. There is nothing new in Trent's description of the race he rode and won when a jockey; but it is given with much spirit, and there is something almost unique in the circumstance that the ideas are those which a "racing man" would have, and the phraseology such as he would use. Sir Joseph Trent's observations on Turf life are, in fact, singularly shrewd and to the point, and the well-directed satire went home. Grateful for the consideration Lady Jessie has shown him, he is anxious to endow her with half his newly acquired fortune in order that she may marry the man of her choice; but there are legal difficulties in the way, so he buys Clodhopper, a horse in a neighbouring training-stable that is thought to be invincible for an approaching race; backs it to win him 40,000*l.*—not, it may be observed, an easy thing to do in the present day—and when the telegram comes announcing that Clodhopper has won, as of course it does, bestows the sum upon her. The generosity which lies beneath Trent's vulgar exterior gives him a claim to regard. He is an extremely entertaining, kindly fellow, and Mr. Terry hits him off to the life. Mr. Alfred Bishop supplies a careful sketch of the Earl; and Miss Marie Linden plays charmingly as Lady Jessie. Is there no one at Terry's Theatre to explain to the representative of the lawyer that to talk about a thing being applicable is a distressing and inexcusable blunder?

The want of frankness in contemporary criticism—to put it mildly, and not speak by the card—is shown by the notices of *Brittany Folk*, the new piece at the German Reed Entertainment, by Mr. Walter Frith. In truth, the affair is thin, poor, and clumsy in the extreme—a most melancholy successor to the humorous, witty, clever little plays which such writers as Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Burnand, Mr. Gilbert & Beckett, and others have written for the little company; indeed, so far as we remember, *Brittany Folk* is quite the feeblest work produced either at St. George's Hall or the Gallery of Illustration, the former home of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed. With scarcely an exception the papers commend it, though some of the critics let a little of the truth slip out, as, for instance, one who (very incorrectly) declares it to be "interesting and well written," but goes on to admit that it "wants the introduction of a little more fun," that "the story is slight," and that "its action might with advantage be quickened." It is perhaps difficult to find pieces precisely suited to the players and to the audiences at St. George's Hall; but there can be no sort of difficulty in finding pieces better than the last production. It is no good to break butterflies; but, if it is worth while to write a criticism at all, the writer should not wholly abjure candour. Mr. Alfred Reed is really a capital low comedian—a little boisterous, but with a method of his own; Miss Kate Tully and Miss Fanny Holland are agreeable and clever in their modest way. At present they are asked to make bricks without straw, and they have rarely been seen to such little advantage. Mr. Caldicott's music is rather tuneful and well written. Mr. Grain's musical sketch, *A Day's Sport*, has very little about sport in it and not much music. Mr. Grain sings and plays so well that we should like to hear more of him as a vocalist. One of his songs, however—that in which he describes an old gentleman's essay at the polka with his wife, whose golden wedding is approaching—is among the best of the innumerable ballads he has given us. The mild social satire of which his monologue is chiefly made up is amusing.

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IN these days of interviewing, when nobody is safe from the prying questions of "our representative," we rather wonder that some enterprising journalist has not taken the train to Cambridge and questioned the Provost of King's College, or the Vice-Provost, or Mr. Oscar Browning, who is evidently considered the third estate in that College by his friends, in the usual fashion. The answers would, no doubt, have been entertaining, and might have thrown some light on the curious series of events which have lately occurred under the holy shade of King Henry VI.'s masterpiece. As a general maxim of domestic economy we hold that dirty linen ought to be washed at home. Still, when such washing takes the form of the immersion of an undergraduate in the fountain, because he had written an article in *The Granta* of which his fellow-undergraduates disapproved, even we are startled into making an observation or two. The occurrence has been a good deal commented on; but one question, so far as we know, has not yet been asked, or, if asked, has not been answered. How did the writer of the obnoxious article get his information? It is inconceivable that he could have known the facts on which he commented had not one of the Fellows communicated them to him. And, in the second place, what Fellow did it?

THE DUKE'S BOAST.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS'S admirable play, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, is so well known that it is needless to say aught of its plot or characters. Mr. H. Osborne Buckle's English version of this masterpiece has the merit of being well written in good sound English prose, and of being also admirably condensed, and, as produced for a single performance at the Avenue on Thursday afternoon under the able direction of M. Marius, it was successful. It enabled a young actress but too little known in London to distinctly prove the possession of dramatic talent of high order. Miss Marion Lea has every qualification, with hard study and experience, for success. She is tall and has a singularly expressive face. In the third act, one of the most difficult ever written for the stage, she was womanly, unaffected, and dignified; but it was in the last scene of all that she won her right to be considered an artist of the greatest promise. Her emotion was convincing and touched a responsive chord of sympathy throughout the house. She has the rare gift of tears in the voice, and was evidently sincere in all the varied and rapid transitions from joy to woe which distinguish this play. Her voice, however, needs proper control and cultivation. With proper direction, Miss Marion Lea ought ere long to take a prominent position in her profession. Miss Vane, a very pleasing actress, was the Marquise de Prie, and Miss May Whitty, who is very bright and clever, acts vivaciously the part of Mariette. Mr. John Tresahar lacked distinction as the Duc de Richelieu, and Mr. Fred Terry was an elegant, but not too interesting, Chevalier d'Aubigny.

MR. DUDLEY BUCK'S *LIGHT OF ASIA*.

IT is curious that the United States, which have produced so many admirable singers, have so far given to the world no musical composer whose fame has at all established itself in Europe. The productions which reach this country from across the Atlantic are almost entirely confined to those curious combinations of religion and bad taste known as "Services of Song," of which a more than usually ambitious specimen, dignified by the name of "Bible Opera," was lately performed to a wondering audience at Prince's Hall, where it was received with feelings in which amusement was tempered with pity for the performers and the ill-advised composer, who directed the lamentable exhibition. Messrs. Novello are therefore to be thanked for producing last Wednesday, at their third concert, a work by an American composer which had some claim to consideration; and, if the experiment has not resulted in the revelation of a new genius of first rank, the performance of Mr. Dudley Buck's setting of a selection from Mr. Edwin Arnold's poem, *The Light of Asia*, was sufficiently interesting, as showing what is presumably the best which Transatlantic musicians can produce. The subject of the cantata, which deals with the story of the youth of Buddha, is one which might well have inspired a composer of imagination. The poem is too well known to require analysis, and the selection from it which forms the libretto of Mr. Buck's work has been made with discrimination and taste. The cantata is divided into three sections:—a Prologue, which takes the story down to the wedding of Siddhartha with Yasodhara; the Renunciation, dealing with the Indian Redeemer's departure upon his divine mission; and the Return, in which the work is brought to a close with Siddhartha's reappearance in his father's city and the end of his wanderings. The want of lyrical measures, which are so necessary in a work of this description, has been partially supplied by the insertion of passages from the same poet's "Indian Song of Songs"; but, in spite of this, the book undoubtedly suffers, from a musical point of view, from being written almost entirely in blank verse, and the composer has not succeeded in overcoming the sense of monotony which is produced by the constant use of the same metrical forms. Although this is the first important work of Mr. Buck's which has been heard in England, he is no tiro at composition. Born in 1839, he studied at Leipzig, Dresden, and Paris between 1858 and 1862, since when he has occupied various posts as organist in Chicago, Boston, and New York. It cannot be said that his music shows signs of any originality or distinctive power. His style is facile and melodious, but bears unmistakable signs of having been formed in Germany when the influence of Mendelssohn and Schumann was predominant, and thus it sounds to a certain extent somewhat old-fashioned and lacking in interest. *The Light of Asia* is what is called in Germany "Kapellmeister-Musik," good of its kind, but absolutely wanting in genius and in those higher qualities of imagination which alone can ensure for a work of this description more than a short-lived reputation. The writing is skilful and shows the hand of a practised musician; but even its most attractive melodies are often commonplace, and the chief situations of the libretto never inspire the composer and enable him to rise out of the dead level of mediocrity which characterizes the whole. Mr. Buck adopts the modern plan of using leading themes representing the chief ideas of the poem; but he does not understand the art of interweaving and transmuting his themes so that at each repetition they are presented to the audience with the charm of novelty, and in consequence they merely become tiresome by continual iteration in the same, or very slightly changed, form. There is but little display of science in the music, though the composer, so

far as he uses contrapuntal devices, seems to have perfect command of his means. His vocal writing—and especially that for the chorus—is better than his orchestration, which is apt to be commonplace and noisy; in many passages the brass is unpleasantly prominent, and the percussion instruments are frequently used in a curiously naive manner. The best numbers in the work are the wedding chorus "Enter, thrice happy," at the end of the Prologue; a little duet in canon for soprano and tenor, "Within the bower of inmost splendour"—a graceful and spontaneous piece of writing; a semi-chorus and solo, "We are the voices of the wandering wind," and a seven-part chorus, "Softly the Indian night sank o'er the plain." The scene of Siddhartha's temptation by demons, which offers great opportunities to the composer, is commonplace and ineffective, though the latter defect may be partly due to the tempo at which it was taken, which was probably much slower than intended. The performance was in nearly every respect excellent. The choral singing throughout was very good, though the weakness of the alto was apparent on this as on previous occasions at these concerts. The solos were safe in the hands of Mme. Nordica, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Andrew Black. The latter gentleman is a distinct acquisition; his fine voice and intelligent singing told with effect in the rather uninteresting music allotted to Siddhartha's father. Dr. Mackenzie conducted with his usual care, but his habit of not sufficiently marking the different tempi was very apparent; he is too apt to perform every number at a uniform time of allegro moderato. *The Light of Asia* was received with favour, if not with enthusiasm. It is never likely to attain great popularity, though it will probably be acceptable to choral societies of moderate capabilities.

"W. A." ON DRAMATIC THEORIES.

IN a recent article in the *World* "W. A." takes Mr. H. A. Jones to task with considerable spirit. Mr. Jones, not content with being a writer of popular plays, has lately, like only too many of his contemporaries, made his appearance on the public rostrum, and as a sort of male Cassandra of the drama. The first duty of the stage, according to the author of *The Silver King*, "is to render a faithful account of modern English life," and to shed "gladness" around and "spirituality." On this Mr. Archer very pertinently asks Mr. Jones from what source he is going to obtain the "gladness," and whence fetch the "spirituality"?

Leaving Mr. Jones and his jeremiad on one side, "W. A." dwells in conclusion on certain recent utterances of M. Francisque Sarcey, who has endorsed a pet theory of his own—to wit, "that an actor is a free agent only within comparatively narrow limits." He illustrates his meaning tersely enough when he says, for instance, that "Miss Terry's Lady Macbeth was still less than Mr. Irving's Macbeth the outcome of a process of reasoning like that set forth in Mr. Comyns Carr's pamphlet. She made no deliberate choice between the Circe and the Juno, for the simple reason that she could no more have been the Juno than Mrs. Siddons could have been the Circe." "Look you," says M. Sarcey, "I cannot help smiling when I see artists making mysterious researches into the Paris confided to them." M. Sarcey is right. We have always remarked that when the "puff preliminary" takes the form of a well-circulated report that a popular actor or actress is "going behind the part," or "plunging into its innermost recesses" in search of "new meanings," a dire and inevitable failure is in active preparation. M. Coquelin has played us this trick more than once. He who loves advertisement to the extent of publicly declaring on the back page of the *Figaro* his firm faith in various preparations for the toilette, now again announces in some magazine or newspaper his metaphorical departure in quest of new meanings for old characters. When he returns and illustrates his discoveries upon the stage, he only, as M. Sarcey observes, follows his instinct, and gives us a fat Tartuffe instead of a lean one, a comfortable-looking Mathis, or a comic-visaged Gringoire. Disappointment is the result. Mascarille and Scapin cannot make up to look poetically romantic, and Annibal and Don Cesar de Bazan must be ridiculous when thinly disguised as Hernani or Ruy Blas. Now and again Nature, in a superlatively generous mood, equips an artist with an extraordinarily mobile countenance, which lends itself to almost any "make-up." Mme. Ristori, for instance, had no difficulty whatever when she was young in realizing equally the gay hostess of Goldoni's *Locandiera*, the pathetic Pia de' Tolomei, the droll *Scorzese*, and the essentially classical Mira of Alfieri. Mme. Pasta, too, looked, we are assured, quite as appropriate as the gentle Amina in *La Sonnambula* and the terrible Norma, both of which parts she created. On the other hand, we could not with all the goodwill in the world accept Mme. Patti as Lucrezia Borgia, or Mme. Nilsson as Zerlina, however perfectly they might sing the music. As "W. A." truly says:—"When we shall find M. Coquelin arguing for a Byronic Alceste and Miss Terry proving that Lady Macbeth must have had precisely the physique of Miss Genevieve Ward, we shall at least admit the disinterestedness of their critical studies."

Possibly the public is theoretically at least all wrong, and we ought not to think of the physical appearance of the artist, but allow ourselves to be carried away by his powers of per-

suasion, and forget when he plays Scrub that he is as stout and jovial-looking as we imagined Falstaff should be. But if he really be a great artist, and does not wish to risk his reputation, he had best remember "W. A.'s" very just remark, that "most assuredly an actor is a free agent only within comparatively narrow limits." In other words, he must cut his cloth according to his measure, and not attempt to play the Giant when he has but the altitude of Jack.

MUSIC.

THE chief interest in the musical world during the past fortnight has been centred in the personality of Dr. Joachim, who last Sunday celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his first public appearance. Though the event has not been celebrated in England with such an external display of enthusiasm as it called forth at Berlin, yet the crowded audiences which have greeted the great artist at his appearances at the Popular Concerts, and the many private manifestations of esteem and affection which have been showered upon him, have proved that the English public, though it may be deficient in critical knowledge, can at least appreciate true genius, and does not weary of its old favourites. That the admiration with which Dr. Joachim is regarded should take some tangible shape is only natural; and, though testimonials are rather overdone nowadays, the movement which has been started under the auspices of the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Frederick Leighton for presenting the great Hungarian artist with a violin should meet with a ready response from the thousands to whom his playing has for so long given delight. Dr. Joachim's appearances in London this season have, with the exception of the Bach Choir's Concert, been confined to the Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts. On the 9th instant the performance was of especial interest, as, in addition to Mozart's 8th String Quintet and Mendelssohn's Andante and Scherzo from an unfinished Quartet, it comprised a Pianoforte Suite, a Violin Sonata, and five songs by Herr Grieg, who, with his wife, took part in the concert. The Suite was composed some four years ago to celebrate the centenary of the birth of the great Danish comedian Holberg, and it is accordingly written in a stricter and more antiquated style than is usually associated with the compositions of the Norwegian artist. In an orchestrated version it was performed at the Birmingham Festival last autumn, and both as a pianoforte solo and as instrumental suite it is a singularly charming composition, the combination of northern colouring with old-world forms being extremely taking and effective. The Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte, in the performance of which the composer was associated with Dr. Joachim, is an earlier and more ambitious work. Though there is much in it of interest, it is never likely to be as popular as the composer's earlier Sonata for the same instruments, which was played by Herr Grieg and Mme. Neruda a few weeks ago. The themes of both works are strongly Scandinavian in colouring, but in the second Sonata the composer seems to have been more trammelled by the classical form of the composition, and the result is a certain deficiency in spontaneity, without which any music which, like Herr Grieg's, depends for its principal charm upon local colouring, becomes at once tedious and unsatisfactory. Mme. Grieg's singing on this, as on former occasions, was an especial feature. Her selection of songs included several of her husband's less known compositions; the most striking was the beautiful setting of Ibsen's "En Svane." At the concert on Monday, the 11th, the principal attraction was the performance by Dr. Joachim and Mme. Neruda of Bach's Concerto in D minor, for two violins, with pianoforte accompaniment arranged from the orchestral score. It is not the first time that amateurs have had the opportunity of hearing these two great artists together, but never before has their performance been excelled. It raised a perfect storm of applause, which did not subside until they had repeated the Largo—one of the most beautiful pieces of pure melody in the whole range of music. The concert began with Beethoven's great Quartet in F Minor, Op. 95, and included Schumann's "Faschingschwank aus Wien," admirably played by Miss Fanny Davies, and songs by Miss Marguerite Hall, who selected Gluck's "Divinités du Styx," Brahms' "Meine Liebe ist grün," and a picturesque setting by Mr. Henschel of Heine's "Es war ein alter König." Miss Hall is in many respects an excellent artist; but her choice of Gluck's great air was not altogether fortunate; she has not yet acquired the requisite breadth of style, nor is her voice of sufficient volume, to do justice to so exacting a composition.

The Popular Concerts on last Saturday and Monday do not demand detailed notice. At the former Mlle. Janotha was the pianist, and, in response to a determined encore after her performance of Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata, played the same composer's variations on "God Save the King," which apparently were so unfamiliar to many members of the audience that, after standing up while the air was being played, they took it as a signal that the concert was at an end and accordingly prepared to depart. The programme also included Spohr's Duo Concertante for two violins, Beethoven's Quartet in C Minor, Op. 18, No. 4, and Schumann's Pianoforte Trio in F Major, Op. 80. On Monday Mme. de Pachmann was the pianist, and played as her solo three of Chopin's studies, besides taking part with Dr. Joachim in

Schumann's Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte, Op. 105. Mme. de Pachmann plays Chopin's music better than anything else; her faultless execution was admirably displayed in the Study of double notes (Op. 25, No. 6), and the Study on black keys (Op. 10, No. 5); whether her playing is as good in other respects it is difficult to decide, for she seems to prefer to display her talents in selections of short pieces rather than in works of larger dimensions. At this concert Dr. Joachim played in his finest manner Tartini's familiar "Trillo del Diavolo," and in response to an encore the Fugue from Bach's Sonata in G Minor. The vocalist was Mr. Santley, who atoned for singing Sullivan's too familiar "Thou'rt passing hence" by introducing a new and spirited Hungarian song by Felix Semon. It is a pity that whoever is responsible for the analytical programmes at these concerts does not take a little more pains to prevent the misprints which have been so conspicuous lately. The vulgar error of printing the composer Gluck's name as "Glück" should not be perpetuated in these programmes, and it is a little bewildering for the inexperienced amateur when the musical quotations get mixed as they did in the analysis of Bach's Concerto of March 11th.

The last two Crystal Palace Concerts have not been so interesting as usual. At that on the 9th Mr. Manns introduced Dr. Bridge's Overture "Morte d'Arthur," which was heard last year at the Symphony Concerts, when it was favourably received, chiefly owing to its skilful orchestration and clever writing. The programme also included Brahms's Fourth Symphony, which had not previously been played at the Crystal Palace, and Beethoven's Violin Concerto, with Mme. Neruda as the soloist. The vocalist was Mr. Plunket Greene, who confirmed the favourable impression created by his singing in the cantatas of Bach's recently performed by the Bach Choir. His solos were Handel's "Si, tra i ceppi" and two of Dr. Stanford's Irish melodies (from his "Songs of Old Ireland"), the admirable pianoforte accompaniments of which were on this occasion replaced by the orchestral arrangements which the composer wrote for his recent concert at Berlin. The first, "My Love's an Arbutus," is one of the most charming songs in the collection, though its delicate melody is not very well fitted for a concert-room like that at the Crystal Palace. Both were admirably sung by Mr. Plunket Greene, but in the second song, "The Confession," he was rather overpowered by the orchestral accompaniment. The programme of last Saturday's concert included Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Wagner's Prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, and Weber's Overture to *Oberon*. The instrumental soloist was M. Ernest Gillet, the violoncellist, whose fine tone and excellent execution were heard to advantage in solos by David Popper and of his own composition, as well as in Raff's Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra in D, a work which displays both the merits and defects of the too prolific Swiss composer in characteristic fashion. The vocalist was Mr. Lloyd, who sang two of Dvořák's beautiful "Zigeunerlieder" and the fine song from Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride*, "Unis dès la plus tendre enfance," with consummate finish and grace.

The first concert of the seventy-seventh season of the veteran Philharmonic Society took place at St. James's Hall on the 14th. In the absence of Mr. Cowen, who has been detained in Australia, Dr. Mackenzie acted as conductor. The programme, as is unfortunately too frequently the case at the Society's concerts, was much too long. It comprised Bennett's Overture to Byron's *Parisina*, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Grieg's *Peer Gynt* Suite, Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, and Mackenzie's Second Scotch Rhapsody, besides songs and pianoforte solos. The solo pianist was Fräulein Geisler-Schubert, whose appearance at a recital in Prince's Hall was favourably noticed some weeks back. Whether owing to nervousness or to other causes, Fräulein Schubert seemed ill at ease in the Concerto, and her performance can hardly be called successful. She was more fortunate in her solos—Bach's C Minor Fantasia and Schubert's Impromptu in F Minor, No. 4; in the latter especially she created a very favourable impression by her delicacy of execution and refined style. Grieg's Suite from the music written for Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* was conducted by the composer. The work was noticed on its performance at the Symphony Concerts last year, but it created far more effect under the composer's leadership. The colouring he produces from the orchestra by insisting upon the most delicate gradations of light and shade is quite extraordinary, and roused the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm. The vocalist was Mme. Grieg, who contributed five of her husband's songs with all the charm of manner which atones for the deficiencies of her voice. Dr. Mackenzie's Scotch Rhapsody—one of his best and most genial works—was placed at the end of the programme, where neither its merits nor the fine performance could be properly appreciated.

Amongst the numerous minor concerts and musical entertainments of the week, mention can only be made of Mrs. Carlisle-Carr's Lecture on the Voice at Steinway Hall on the 18th, and Mr. Walter Macfarren's Recital of Ancient and Modern Pianoforte Music, interspersed with historical and analytical remarks, which took place on the same afternoon at Westminster Town Hall. Much more interesting than these was the recital given at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon by Miss Margaret Wild, a pupil of Mme. Schumann's, whose appearance at one of the first Monday Popular Concerts this season created considerable interest. Miss Wild's programme on the 20th was ambitious, and covered a wide range of different styles of pianoforte music. Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, and Liszt were all represented; but in all her performances the pianist achieved a distinct success, though her playing

of Bach's Italian Concerto and of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" were especially noteworthy. Her style is evidently based upon that of her distinguished teacher, and to say that it bears this stamp is to bestow upon it very high praise. At present her touch is perhaps somewhat lacking in strength; this was particularly noticeable in her playing of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, which was the weakest number in the programme; but this is a defect which time will remedy, and it is preferable to the displays of mere arm-strength by which many young pianists seek to disguise their deficiency in this respect. Miss Wild is evidently a gifted artist, and her future career will be watched with interest.

SIGNOR TAMBERLIK.

NOTWITHSTANDING the efforts of some of the Italian papers to claim Signor Tamberlik as of purely Italian nationality, by declaring that his name was originally spelt Tamberlico, he was really a Hungarian, both his father and mother being natives of Pesth, who settled in Rome early in the century, where, in 1823, their famous son was born. Mme. Tamberlik was an amateur singer of some distinction, and it was doubtless mainly due to her musical taste that her boy, although a student in an ecclesiastical seminary, was taught singing by Guglielmi, who, with Borgna and Pietro Romani, shared the honour of being one of the last *maestri* who preserved the great traditions of Italian vocal art according to the old method, doubtless derived from Porpora, whose pupil he had been. In due time he entirely relinquished all intention of becoming a priest, and devoted himself to the musical profession. His voice was originally a baritone; but, by dint of carefully pushing it up, it eventually became a wonderfully fine *tenore robusto*. His method, which in his earlier years was of the purest possible, underwent an unfortunate change under the influence of the French school, and he latterly acquired an annoying *tremolo*, which was not compensated for, in the esteem of real musicians, by the famous *ut de poitrine*, which he delivered with such amazing effect, but which was in reality more or less a trick. In person Signor Tamberlik was tall and handsome, and, indeed, there is considerable truth in the statement, which has been frequently repeated this week, that he bore a curious resemblance to the kneeling figure of a knight in Bellini's "Adoration of the Magi," in the National Gallery. He was seen to greatest advantage in heroic parts, in which the power and resonance of his voice and his majestic bearing were displayed to the greatest advantage. His *début* was made in Naples (1841) as Tivaldo in Bellini's *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, in which he sang to perfection the spirited *cabaletta* "L'amo e m'è più cara," and thereby produced a prodigious sensation. Several of his recently published biographies persist in stating that he appeared as Romeo in the above-named opera; but this part was written for a contralto, and on the occasion in question was sung by Mme. Brambilla. But the stir made by Tamberlik's rendering of the Allegro just named was so great that the chief of the police imagined there was a political significance in the trivial words, and that the *bella* who was loved so ardently, *più del sol che mi rischiara*, was less Juliet than Liberty. Signora Brambilla emphasized the impression by her brilliant and energetic delivery of Romeo's defiant *cabaletta*—"La tremenda ultrice spada." After a few nights of indescribable enthusiasm *I Capuletti* was ordered to be withdrawn, and the rather tame *Il Pirata* substituted. During the memorable years 1846-47-48 Signor Tamberlik travelled over Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and in 1850 made his first appearance in London. He sang here every season, save one, until 1864. He was the first tenor of mark who visited South America, and at Rio, Buenos Ayres, and Montevideo he created wild excitement and made a considerable fortune. He reappeared in 1870, and again in 1876, as Otello in Rossini's opera of that name, with M. Faure as Iago and Mme. Nilsson as Desdemona. It was then observed that his *tremolo* had increased painfully, and he very soon afterwards retired from the stage to Madrid, where he set up as a successful gunmaker. At its prime his voice was of prodigious compass; for he retained his baritone register unimpaired, and, to use his own expression, added "a tenor story to the edifice of his own making." Never at any time was this magnificently sonorous and robust organ remarkable either for flexibility or sweetness; but he had a way of lifting the audience off its feet, so to speak, whenever he emitted with tremendous vigour his celebrated C in alto, especially in "Di quella pira," in which he distanced all competitors, Wachtel included. As already said, his method was originally faultless; but, in his evident desire to make money, he accepted parts which he certainly played to perfection, but which quite destroyed the delicacy and grace of his earlier training—the heroes, for instance, of *Le Prophète*, *Robert le Diable*, and the *Huguenots*. It may be added that he was the original Faust at the first production of M. Gounod's *Faust* at Covent Garden, after its representation at Her Majesty's; but this was never one of his favourite parts, for he had nothing either personally or vocally of the tenor *di grazia* about him. In private life he was a thorough Italian, notwithstanding his Hungarian parentage. He never could master the French or German language, and habitually spoke Italian. A shrewd man of business, and a world-wise one too, he knew how to flatter his patrons when it suited his purpose, but he was

never snobbish or spiteful. His conversational powers were prodigious. He could literally "talk your head off," and once started relating anecdotes, like Lord Tennyson's immortal brook, he bid fair to "go on for ever." He had known intimately many men and women famous in the world of fashion, art, and literature, had dined with sovereigns, and was on the most familiar terms with that music-loving lady, Queen Isabella of Spain. Above all, he was fortunate in having the good sense to retire in time.

THE PARNELLITE MENU.

YOUR feast at Paris on St. Patrick's Day,
Good Parnellites, was furnished forth with skill;
But its *menu*, excuse me if I say,
Might have been rather more allusive still.

The *p'tit pâté* to which a pretty wit
Gave your chief's name was an appropriate thing—
Farci, with salt-lured birds, it would be fit
To set, no doubt, before the uncrowned king.

The Gladstone *croûtes de fruit*—I may be dense,
But *that*, I own, says nought to me at all
(Though *croûte* may in its secondary sense
The Home Rule Bill's artistic style recall).

"*Sorbets au whisky*" 's of a similar school,
And seems to hold no allegory wrapt,
Though the suggestion of your "*bombe* Home Rule,"
If somewhat sinister, is very apt.

But there are other sponsors. We could wish
Our H-re—rt to have figured here as well,
Best represented by his famous dish,
Braisé (I think) *au jus à la Parnell*.

And if at true significance you aimed,
Where was that *plat* of so refined a *goût*,
After Sir G-rge Tr-v-lyan fitly named,
A *soufflé* (*sifflé*?) and a *chaud-froid*, too?

Could not J-hn M-rl-y have inspired your cook
(Even in politics he's French, you know)
With some *ragoût* of a subversive look,
Some revolutionary *fricandeau*?

Nay, had you not around you many a friend,
As C-mpb-ll-B-nn-rm-n, M-nd-lla, Br-ce?
Each of them eminently fit to lend
His name to something savoury and nice?

Think, too, what chances for your *chef* there are
Upon those benches which the Irish haunt;
What wealth of *à la diable* and *tartare*!
What possibilities of *sauce piquante*!

But, last omission from your bill of fare,
And worst of all that there remains to tell,
That world-famed delicacy was not there—
Jambon O'Brine glacé, au naturel.

REVIEWS.

DELIA BACON.*

THE name of Delia Bacon is pretty widely known as that not indeed of the inventor (for, as with most exceedingly absurd ideas, the exact origin of the thing is unknown), but of the earliest active propagator, of the notion that the plays of Shakspeare were written, not by Shakspeare, but by Bacon, with perhaps the assistance of other distinguished men at the Courts of Elizabeth and James. Most people, however, who know much about Shakspeare know that this unfortunate lady stands in more ways than one apart from the quacks and "cranks" who have since taken the same side. But no one except the very few persons who knew her personally, and who have now, though she would not have been an extraordinarily old woman were she still alive, almost all joined the majority, knew before the publication of this interesting book what a singularly pathetic history hers was, and how single-minded was her craze.

Delia Salter Bacon (some touch of humour made her drop the awkwardly adjusted second name) was born early in 1811 in the then log-village of Tallmadge, situated in a sort of debateable land between Connecticut and Ohio, where her father was half settler, half missionary. He died before very long, and "this little Delia," as her biographer calls her, perhaps rather too persistently, was thrown very early on her own resources. Of course she

* *Delia Bacon*. By Theodore Bacon. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

turned "school marm." She is said to have been pretty as a girl, and the frontispiece representing her when she was past forty, in hideous attire, with no look of youth left, and with something like a gleam of incipient madness, shows a face which must have been curiously attractive when it chose. She began school-marring when she was barely sixteen as a principal, continued it after more than one unfortunate venture as a subordinate with rather better luck, published at twenty some *Tales of the Puritans*, and then settled down into a kind of regular business of lecturing to ladies and grown-up girls, which seems to have been in a way successful, and to have been certainly popular. We confess, however, to some misgivings when we hear that she used no books, merely made her pupils take notes from her discourses, and had apparently herself at no time any very thorough or extensive education. Of the turning-point of her life her biographer gives only one of those vague and decently-guarded accounts which we always think had better either be expanded and made precise or omitted altogether. At thirty-five, having previously had no love affairs, she "underwent a most cruel ordeal, and suffered a grievous and humiliating disappointment." If, as it would appear, this means that she was jilted, it would have been better to say so plainly. But the biographer himself seems to admit the possibility of her mind having undergone some permanent harm, which took open effect in after years, and we should say that few persons possessing much experience of human nature will doubt it.

The subjects of Delia's holdings-forth had been English history and literature chiefly. Mr. Theodore Bacon does not apparently know when she first was bitten by the Bacon craze, and we may observe in passing that his own knowledge of the history of Shakspeare's popularity in England would apparently bear considerable extension, revision, and augmentation. She had, it would seem, already broached her ideas to her pupils; but the methodical history of her delusion dates from a letter to Emerson in June 1852—a letter in answer to one of hers which has not been found. Emerson received her very kindly, though with no encouragement of her notion, except as a brilliant paradox which would be welcome enough to a magazine editor. Whether a less benevolent reception would have choked down the disease cannot be said; probably not. At any rate, Miss Bacon delivered, in New York at the end of 1853, a course of lectures on "The Primeval Element in our Civilization" (about which the poor lady probably knew next to nothing), and after another in Brooklyn bade farewell to lecture-giving for the brief remains of her life. She had quarrelled with her eldest brother for telling her plainly that her notions were nonsense, and she had literally nothing to depend upon but the recommendations of Emerson and some others.

She entertained the idea, which looked more reasonable than it turned out to be when her singular notion of evidence was more fully revealed, that a visit to England was necessary to establish her point; and for this she had absolutely no money. But a certain Mr. Charles Butler supplied her with funds, which she afterwards eked out in the most marvellous manner; for, whether her thinking was high or not, no anchorite could live more plainly than this amiable and unfortunate fanatic. She took letters from Emerson to Carlyle and others, sailed on the 14th May, 1853, and arrived in ten days at Liverpool. She seems to have paid little heed to her introductions; those to Sir Arthur Helps, Sir Henry Ellis, and Sir Antonio Panizzi being found unused at her death among her papers. Naturally her American friends thought that the British Museum was her goal, and hence the letters to Ellis and Panizzi; just as Carlyle, among his numberless other kindnesses to her (of which more presently), took the trouble to indicate exactly for her use the catalogues, and so forth, in that building to which she would naturally have recourse. Alas! this was not at all Delia's notion of research. Her *Grand-idea*, as she herself told Carlyle, was that "nobody could know anything about the plays who believed that booby wrote them"; her notion of cultivating it and building upon it was to reside at St. Albans, Hatfield, Stratford, and other places, and spin out of her inner consciousness criticisms which "put the idea where it is, independent of further historical corroboration." *Ach!* as Carlyle would have said himself, its independence of historical corroboration was complete enough from the very beginning!

The Carlyles themselves were unwearingly kind to her, though Carlyle laughed at her theory consumedly, but in a way which does not seem to have made her in the least angry. They were always trying to get her to come to them, and Carlyle recommended her to publishers. Things did not go very well with her; but at last in January 1856 a magazine—an American, not an English one—did receive her first chapter and printed it. Mr. Bacon has reprinted it here. It is by no means ill written, contains a good deal about things in general (in the style, doubtless, of the author's lectures), about Magna Charta, and Athens, and burning Ilium, and Caedmon, and the steam-engine; also there is much declamation as to "the illiterate player." But the reader is certainly not surprised when he finds that the American editor mildly suggested, on receiving three or four more such papers, that the articles were "so general in their nature," "made so little progress in the demonstration of the main proposition," and so forth, that he would rather have nothing more to do with them. The unhappy Delia had actually told these almost equally unhappy employers of hers, the channels of publication which, after many days, she had got, that the things she was sending them were "things on which she should the least rely for the

acceptance of her theory." And so all hope of further magazine publication disappeared.

She was not in the least discouraged; she was too far gone for that. She tried to find a new friend in Hawthorne, to whom she introduced herself. He, too, treated her with extraordinary—perhaps it may almost be said with fatal—kindness, which enabled her to bear up against a serious blow in the summer of 1856. Not only were certain chapters of hers lost which had been committed to Emerson's keeping (though not by Emerson's own fault), but Emerson, perhaps with something of apparent cruelty, poured in the very same letter which announced the loss a flood of the most unanswerable, but the most chilling, criticism on the thing. She had, he reminded her, to "answer Ben Jonson first," the true beginning and end of the matter. He pointed out to her that, when she had once declared that Shakspeare was not the author, it was no use (again the beginning and end of the matter) abusing and ridiculing the "Stratfordian." And, worst of all, he pointed out that her assumed title (for she had gone thus far) of "discoverer of the authorship of Shakspeare's plays" was a fatal *petitio principii*. She bore even this double blow stoically; and discusses it in a long letter to Hawthorne with a coolness more appallingly indicative of her state of mind than if she had had a week's continued hysterical fits. Mr. Emerson's unfortunate mistake is due to "the antagonism of this philosophy" (for she had by this time found a philosophy of Shakspeare as well as an authorship) to his own. She "knows all about Ben Jonson," and there is no occasion to answer him at all; she is perfectly—hideously—just and reasonable about the lost MSS., instead of being healthily unjust and unreasonable. She had not only discovered the philosophy, but had worked *Coriolanus* into something called *The Consulship*, and had found in Bacon an indication that wonderful things were to be found in Shakspeare's grave. She was now clearly, if not technically, mad.

Hawthorne did everything he could for her, and at last she made her way to Stratford itself, finding, as she had previously found in London, a sort of little heaven of a lodging-house, where everybody was kind to her. In fact, everybody was kind to her in most places, though nobody could do her the one service needful, of eradicating her monomania. Her brother manfully tried to do so, and begged her to substitute criticism on Shakspeare's work, for which she really had talent, for this delusion, "which, if you do not resist it and escape from it as for your life, will be fatal to you." But this kind goeth not out by even the wisest and friendliest exhortations. Hawthorne, whose conduct during this business is one of the most creditable things in his life, admits that he left her to her delusion, which had gained on her so far that she, usually the mildest of women, employs language about her brother as nearly approaching violence as any she could use except to "that booby." But she seems to have dismissed even this soon from her mind. She hovered about Stratford Church with dark lanterns, and negotiated with the Vicar for a permission to search. With the true *lues* of this kind of madness, she upbraided even Hawthorne for pleading her brother's cause. After, with immense trouble, Parker had been got to consent to publish her book with a preface from Hawthorne, she refused to insert it, and lost her publisher, though not, as it turned out, either the publication or the preface. At last "the whole bulk of inspiration and nonsense," as Hawthorne called it privately, the seven hundred pages which one person is said to have read through, appeared in April, 1857. Two months afterwards a Stratford doctor wrote to Hawthorne expressing fear that she would become decidedly insane. In December she had to be removed to an asylum. Then a nephew took her home to America, and on September 2, 1859, she died, it is said, in a comparatively, if not fully, lucid interval.

So the spirit of Shakspeare, as we should have expected, was placable in vengeance, after all.

NOVELS.*

FAIR Alice Eykin, who recounts the events of Mr. Besant's new novel in the first person singular, is a winsome West-country lass, possessed of a face which proves a substantial fortune to her in the long run; for everybody, with one exception, falls in love with her, and does his and her best to aid her in the troublous times that came to the West-country with Monmouth's mad venture in those parts. The daughter of Dr. Comfort Eykin, one of the ejected ministers, she has no less than four stout-hearted male defenders ready to do battle for her sake, each in his respective way. These are—her sturdy thick-headed brother Barnaby, who, after running away from his father's cane, and spending ten years at sea, returns with Monmouth as a captain in his rabble army; Robin, grandson and heir of old Sir Christopher Challis; Humphrey, his cousin, who, though hunch-

* *For Faith and Freedom.* By Walter Besant. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1889.

Esther Denison. By Adeline Sergeant. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1889.

Monica. By Evelyn Everett-Green. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

French Janet. By the Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline." 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

One for the Other: Stories of French Life. By Esme Stuart. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

backed, still lays siege to fair Alice; and Benjamin Boscorel, the clever but unworthy son of the rector of the lovely Somersetshire village of Bradford Orcas, where the story opens. Of these three suitors, Alice chooses Robin; but she and her sweetheart are separated the very same day that their betrothal takes place, for she and her mother are swept off by the fanatic Doctor to follow Monmouth's fortunes. What those fortunes were, and all the miseries suffered by the inhabitants of the West-country, Mr. Besant recounts in his own way; and if his way differs somewhat from that of Macaulay when describing the same subject, that is a question which their respective admirers must settle between them. Alice's sufferings are tempered by much discreet love-making, and even when she is kidnapped and shipped off as a slave to the West Indies, her fair face procures her many alleviations to the hardness of her lot. The story is taken up at this point by Humphrey, for no very conceivable reason except that he may be given an opportunity, later on, of describing how he has the satisfaction of murdering, in a somewhat negative manner, Benjamin Boscorel—a crime which he commits for fair Alice's sake, Benjamin having entrapped her into a marriage. The story is pleasantly told, as is everything that comes from the able pen of Mr. Besant, but it has the fault from which so many books, as well as their readers, suffer—it is too long. The descriptions are good, but are distinctly *langweilich*, and a sort of apathy seems to envelop all the personages, which is in distinct and unnatural contrast to the troublous times in which they are placed. The reproductions of Mr. Forestier's illustrations are very far from good, but a word of praise may be said for Mr. Waddy's elaborate initial letters to the chapters, which are full of quaint conceits and imagination.

Miss Sergeant is to be congratulated on her latest novel, though it, too, would be a better work of art were it shorter. The picture of Esther Denison's father, the Nonconformist minister, whose whole life is one long martyrdom, and his death a tragedy, because he cannot bring himself to believe, in spite of his most strenuous efforts, in the doctrine of Eternal Damnation (a doctrine rigidly held by the Nonconformist sect thirty years ago to be almost more necessary to a man's salvation than belief in the existence of the Deity), is one likely to remain in the memory of any one who reads the book. The characters are all fairly well drawn, but there are too many of them; and there cannot be two opinions that the reappearance of Sebastian's first wife, Nina, is an utterly unnecessary anti-climax. Sebastian had fulfilled the desire of the writer and her readers by marrying Esther after his wife had been dead a year, thereby rewarding the heroine's life-long devotion; and at the end of two volumes and a half, when everything is settled in a satisfactory manner all round, to have wife No. 1 resuscitated, only to kill her off at the end of a few more chapters, must be looked upon as a gratuitous trifling with the feelings of the public.

Monica is a pretty story of an exceedingly tiresome young woman, and the book is not devoid of a certain kind of humorous interest, on account of the author's evident ignorance of the fact that her beloved heroine is not absolutely perfect. In fact, it is this entire absence of any sense of the ludicrous on the part of the writer that makes the book more readable than it perhaps might otherwise be. Monica, a heroine of the visionary, mystical, mysterious type which has been so much in vogue of late, is the only child of the Earl of Trevlyn. With a wise and praiseworthy desire to provide for his daughter's future, the old man invites his next heir, Randolph Trevlyn, to whom everything will pass at his death, down to stay with them in Cornwall. Randolph does his duty, and falls in love with the beautiful Monica. She, having entertained an unreasoning dislike for the heir before she had seen him, is soon won over by his kindness to her half-brother Arthur, a crippled boy. The course of true love runs, so far, rarely smoothly, and the young people are duly married. Monica begins by posing as a martyr because her husband takes her away from Trevlyn to his home in Park Lane; and, in spite of his showing her the most single-hearted devotion and affection, it only needs an injudicious letter from an aunt to make her immediately believe that he has only married her through pity, and to please her father. This exceedingly probable idea immediately takes firm hold of her superior intelligence; and, in spite of her great affection for her husband, she apparently finds no better way of proving it than by treating him with distinct coldness, and insisting upon receiving the marked attentions of Sir Conrad Fitzgerald—a man of the worst character, with whom her husband refuses to associate. It is not to be supposed that such a heroine as Monica *flirts*; on the contrary, she justifies her actions by the most lofty sentiments on the subject of "ancient friendships" and "repentant sinners"; but even her eyes are opened at last on the subject of her "friend"; and, after an explanation with her most long-suffering husband, the pair are at one at last. It would perhaps not be fair to tell the rest of the story, and the tragedy it contains, which is set right at last—for the story ends well, as all proper-minded stories should. The book is written without vulgarity, which is a merit in these days, and is fairly pleasant reading enough, in spite of the fact that the characters are ghostlike and unreal, and decidedly wanting in flesh and blood.

The author of *Citoyenne Jacqueline* has just escaped writing a good story in *French Janet*. The date of the tale is, as the writer puts it, "a century and a half ago, in round numbers," and it opens with the departure of the young laird of Windygates from the bosom of his family. He is sent by his fond mother to

Paris, to acquire the polish of courtly society, which she feels he will never gain in a remote corner of Scotland. He is put under the care of an elderly cousin, Braehead by name, and the pair depart to Paris, where they have letters of introduction to the Duchesse de Châlons. Unfortunately for Allan Windygates, he meets at the Hôtel de Châlons a cousin of that family, Jeannette Ste-Barbe, a comely young widow, with a somewhat equivocal past, who not only takes him under her wing, but, when he falls ill of fever, nurses him with a devotion which fills him with a dangerously tender kind of gratitude. Braehead, however, has his eyes open; and, as soon as Allan is able to travel, he whisks him off suddenly out of Paris, without giving him warning, or even time to make his *adieu* to the fair widow. She hears of their departure at the eleventh hour, rushes to intercept their coach, and, in her frantic endeavours to get speech with Allan once more, her foot gets caught in the wheel, and before his eyes the heavy vehicle passes over her, and she is crushed to death. But even in death her restless spirit finds no peace; and the first thing that both Allan and Braehead see on arriving at Windygates is the ghost of the dead woman. From thenceforward the house of Windygates is haunted, until at last, after much toilsome endeavour and suffering, Allan is set free by the plain common sense of his *fiancée*, Maisie Hunter, who apparently appeases the vanity of the ghost by placing her portrait in a post of honour. The descriptions of country life in Scotland and of town life in Paris are good; but there is a want of vitality about the story and the characters which discounts the interest one might otherwise be disposed to feel; and Maisie's final encounter, if it can so be called, with the ghost, when she girds up her loins and goes forth to give battle to the Powers of Darkness, does not attain the sublime, and goes very near the ridiculous.

The number of short stories which fill Miss Esmé Stuart's last three volumes are neither better nor worse than the ordinary run of magazine tales. They are fairly well written, they are absolutely harmless, and the profuse sprinkling of French phrases is, no doubt, intended to convey an idea of local colour, the scene of all the stories being placed in France. The best of the stories is the "Curé of Saindoul," in which some of the least attractive peculiarities of the average English young lady are cleverly drawn.

THEORETICAL BIOLOGY.*

IN a recent notice of Professor McKendrick's *Physiology* we had occasion to consider the present aspect of that science as set forth by some of the leading English and foreign writers. These have, however, mainly studied biology from the practical side, continuing wisely on the lines laid down by such pioneers as Huxley and Martin. We have now a summary of the theory of biology, which, though specifically drawn up for the scientific examinations of the London University, seems to furnish so clear and comprehensive an exposition of the subject, and in so systematic a form, as to require some recognition, especially as the point of view in this case is different from that of the work formerly reviewed.

Mr. Davis's *Text-Book of Biology* consists of two parts—the first on plants, and the second, and larger, on animals. In each a number of types, or fair average examples, are selected to be dealt with morphologically and physiologically; and then, after the leading points of similarity or contrast are brought out, there is a general classification or summary of the scientific results. Classification, however, means, not only the formation of groups according to some law, but such further arrangement and subordination as shall, "evolutionally conceived," best "express the blood relationship existing between organisms." And this seems to be a leading principle underlying this work throughout as well as all recent scientific treatises on biology.

At the very threshold the student of this branch of natural science asks how to distinguish the matter of which living or organized creatures are composed from the matter called "dead"; and we might summarize the main points of contrast or comparison, as given by Mr. Davis, under four heads. First, in every organized structure life is associated with the complex substance called protoplasm, a sort of jelly containing proteids, carbohydrates, fats, and much water. Second, while dead matter is shapeless, or at best crystalline, the organic bodies are always bounded by curved surfaces, and possess a definite outward form with which they are specially associated. Third, living matter incessantly undergoes a process of change and consequent renewal; whereas dead matter consists of molecules which may remain unaltered for an indefinite period. The fourth point is that every organism undergoes a succession of definite changes called its "life-history"; whereas non-living matter shows no development, unless the term be used geologically and in a very limited sense of certain minerals. These are leading differences. Generally there are no links between organized and non-organized matter, and the doctrine of spontaneous generation must, according to all recent research, give place to that of *biogenesis*, or "life from life."

As to the two great divisions of organized beings with which biology is conversant, the microscope seems to prove that in the

* *A Text-Book of Biology; comprising Vegetable and Animal Morphology and Physiology.* By J. R. Ainsworth Davis, B.A., Lecturer on Biology in the University of Wales. London: Griffin & Co. 1888.

lower forms there is no absolute point of distinction between plants and animals. The objection to this ruling, however, occurs, that the difficulty of distinguishing may be due to the fact that it is microscopic objects we are dealing with, and that at present it is beyond our skill to apply adequate tests to them. The ordinary tests for the higher forms of animals and plants—namely, power of locomotion, evident sensitiveness, and special digestive cavity—cannot be effectively applied to the lower forms of life. For these Mr. Davis gives two tests which are widely applicable—namely, the presence in plants only of the starchy substance called cellulose; and secondly, the nature of the food. The latter is the most important criterion, from the fact that ordinary plants build up their structure from simple food, such as carbon dioxide, water, and simple salts; whereas animals require complex food. Exceptions, however, occur to complicate the application of even these tests. Haeckel, it may be remembered, suggested an intermediate kingdom for the reception of doubtful organisms.

Mr. Davis shows the bearing of those facts upon the theory of evolution, which he characterizes as the "Key to Biology." "It binds together innumerable dry facts, often, apparently, quite isolated, and gives them a new and living interest. It regards all forms of life as having a common descent, or true blood-relationship, whence arises the difficulty of drawing hard and fast lines of separation."

The vegetable world is grouped from the lowest to the highest under six great divisions—the fungi, algae, moss, fern, gymnosperms, and angiosperms; and under these our author selects the more typical examples, and discusses each in turn systematically, giving first the main facts as to the outward appearance and inward structure, and then proceeding to its functions as an organism. For the more important examples, a section is also devoted to their "development." Of the fungi group, the types are the yeast-plant (which causes alcoholic fermentation), bacteria (those excessively minute plants which pervade the air and cause putrefaction), white mould and green mould. The algae types include the wrack on the sea-shore and the stone wort. For each of the four remaining groups only one type is selected, but described in detail very carefully and fully illustrated. Under the group "angiosperms," for example, which comprises the great majority of the common conspicuous plants, there is given a general outline of the group, with illustrations from familiar examples, occupying forty-five pages. Before the closing table of general classification we have a chapter on comparative vegetable morphology and physiology.

The second part, or that on animals, classifies them under ten groups, rising from the protozoa, the first, to mollusca, the fifth; then amphibia, aves, and, lastly, mammalia. Of the first group the amoeba and bell animalcule are selected, and many of their interesting qualities described. Under the following groups the types are respectively the hydra, earthworm, and crayfish, till we reach the mollusca group, its types being the mussel and the snail. For the highest three groups of animals the types described are the frog, the pigeon, and the rabbit. So full are the details of the morphology, physiology, and development of these three types that 150 pages are occupied in their systematic description, illustration, and comparison. Yet nowhere does there seem to be a single phrase in excess.

The book closes with a compressed summary of the second part, forming a table of classification of animals. A valuable bibliography is appended, besides index-glossary, which occupies no less than 78 pages. We should further mention that the work is well got up, and that the woodcut diagrams are very numerous and well executed.

OLD ENGLISH CHARTERS.*

THE historians of England have, of late years, gradually been visited with a mass of printed matter which is intended to revolutionize their entire system. We may rather complain than congratulate them. It is almost impossible for one man to be thoroughly acquainted with Kemble's six volumes; most modern historical scholars have been brought up on Kemble; and a few of them know him fairly well, but now we have a dozen Kembles, and who can know them all? Each of them contains some one thing, or some two or three things, generally necessary to the student; and the secret all want to learn is how to use each collection so that, in the shortest possible space of time, we may be able to master its peculiarities, and may know where and how to find what it contains that is valuable. We take it that the chief object of Mr. Earle's admirable little book is to give us that knowledge. It may be best in examining his work first to describe its contents so that the reader can form his own opinion as to its value, and then to give a few examples, from the ample and interesting preface of about a hundred closely-printed pages, of the curiosities of "Saxonic" literature of which the learned Professor treats.

After the introduction there is a series of dated records, commencing with a table by which "to find any of Kemble's documents contained in this book, by its number in the Codex

Diplomaticus." The first is Kemble's No. 1, the well-known donation of Ethilberht to the church at Rochester. It is dated "sub die iiii. Kl. Maias, indictione vii," which fixes it to the 28th of April, 604; but Mr. Earle's second document is dated by the year of our Lord, and is the oldest so dated which has come down to us. By a curious chance there is a mistake in the manuscript in the British Museum, and the date is written DCXXIII. As 624 is an impossible year for King Wulfhere of Mercia, Mr. Earle has accepted Mr. Bond's suggestion, that an L is omitted, and this gives what must be the correct year, 674. No. 3 is also dated, but here there can be no mistake, as the words are written out:—sexcentesimo septuagesimo sexto, only two years later. Thorpe called this charter, which is a grant of land near Bath for a nunnery, by Osric, King of the Hwiccas, "the earliest undeniable instance of reckoning by the Anno Domini." The earliest original charter—that is to say, the first of which the actual document signed by the King and his Court still exists—comes next in order, and is a grant by Lothair, or Illotharius, King of Kent, to Berctuald, Abbot of Reculver, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, of land in Thanet and Sturry. The only other original seventh-century manuscript charter known to exist is a grant by a certain Othilred or Oethilred, a relative of Sebbi, King of Essex, of land on the north side of the Thames to the celebrated Abbess Ethilburga. There are many curious and interesting documents in this class, such as King Alfred's will, Swithun's settlement of Farnham on the see of Winchester, and a charter to Canterbury Cathedral drawn up and written by Archbishop Dunstan. This series of dated records is followed by a shorter series, undated but genuine, the first of them being a list of the donations made to Exeter Cathedral by Leofric, the first bishop of that see. It is often quoted for its catalogue of books, some sixty in number, many of which can still be identified in various great libraries. Several "groups" of manuscripts follow, with valuable annotations, and the book concludes with two indexes—one glossarial, and the other general.

The introduction gives us Professor Earle's opinion upon matters many of which are still in controversy. He differs strongly from Kemble in some of his views on the condition or position of the "gesithas," but adopts his theory that they originated in military service, and that, as the proper name for the freeman was "eorl," and for the born noble "eorl," so the true word for comes, or comrade, was "gesith." In a thousand years from the fifth century to the fifteenth we see a train of words succeeding one another in the same office—namely, eorl, gesith, thane, knight, squire, and gentleman. They are the lords of manors; and Mr. Earle remarks, as others have done, on the virtual unity and identity of manors and parishes. The squire built his church close to his house, and "the parish priest was at first a priest engaged by the gesith and his people for the regular administration among them of the Word and sacraments." In this Mr. Earle sees the explanation, history, and reason of lay patronage. He criticizes Kemble's view of the Donation of Æthelwulf, and, in a careful note of considerable length, he compares some sixteen documents relating to it, arguing from them that the King granted to each local squire a tenth part of the spare lands of the parish, partly for himself, but chiefly that he might be the better able to maintain the priest, the fabric of the church, and the poor. "An expressive memorial" of the relation between the squire and the parson is to be seen in the frequent contiguity of the church and the manor-house. Mr. Earle might have laid down this rule still more strongly. But he says "there are places" where the manor-house, having changed its site, the earthwork which surrounded it may still be traced near the church. "Local archaeologists will do well to form a habit of looking over the church-yard wall." Mr. Earle has plenty to say about bookland and folklund, and gives many curious examples of gifts by kings and others of various estates, and the solemn preambles in which the brevity of human life, the certainty of death, and the necessity of charity are set forth. These considerations became so completely conventional that, in the ninth century, we find King Æthelwulf helping himself to twenty hides of land in the following form:—

Whereas nothing of all his labour is secure to a man except what he has bestowed in good works, therefore I have, with consent of my lords, ordered twenty manentes of land to be booked to me as private and heritable property.

We made mention above of the early examples of dated documents. Mr. Earle offers some interesting observations on the use of the "Anno Domini." The first literary use of the Christian era is to be identified, it appears, with the great ecclesiastical historian Bede, commonly known as "the Venerable Bede." He gives an anecdote as to some monks of Jarrow or Wearmouth who were in Rome in 701, and saw a tablet in a church which purported to have been put up in 668, and from which Bede, on their report, fixed the date of many events in his History. He died in 735, says Mr. Earle, and in 816 the use of the Christian era was enjoined in an ecclesiastical synod on the bishop, to whom was confided the duty of putting the acts of the meeting into writing. From England, where it originated, the practice spread gradually through France to Italy; but the Roman pontiffs did not use it till the time of Eugenius IV., about the middle of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Earle prints in full two or three interesting documents relating to old London. They had all been published by Kemble, but either in a debased form or with a mark of doubtfulness as to

* *Land Charters and Saxonic Documents.* By John Earle, Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

their authenticity. The identification of old City sites is very difficult, and is rendered more so by a grant purporting to be from "Burgred, the last King of Mercia, granting to Bishop Alhun a villa in London." As the date is 857, immediately before London was utterly destroyed, or about the time of the commencement of that period of thirty years' desolation from which it was rescued by Alfred in 886, there must be strong doubts as to the authenticity of the document, which, nevertheless, is of great antiquity, and may well have been forged at a later time to give the bishops of Worcester a claim, which, as we shall see, they ultimately succeeded in establishing, upon a mansion-house in London. Burgred, it was recited, gave the bishop a small portion of "gaziferi agelluli in vico Londonie." The charter places this productive estate in the *haga* of a certain Coolmunding, who, if he ever existed, may have given his name to the modern Coleman Street. The word *haga* Mr. Earle translates as "villa," and gives a parallel passage, in which it is translated as "civitatis habitaculum"—a small town house. This occurs on p. 403, by the way, not on p. 402, as the index has it. Furthermore, we are told that this *haga* is "non longe from (*sic*) Westgetum positus"; and Mr. Earle adds a note referring to J. R. Green as having identified West Gate as Newgate. We have remarked on the extreme doubtfulness of this charter. In any case it does not seem to have taken effect; and after the settlement of London the question of a town house for the Bishop of the Mercians comes before Alfred, who in a document dated 889 gives Bishop Werfrith a mansion or court, "æt hwæt mundes stane," and by a happy guess, which Mr. Earle quotes from Mr. Kerslake, Pannier Alley is pitched upon as the locality. This guess is founded on the well-known stone in that narrow passage, representing, not a man, as Mr. Earle says, but a child sitting on a pannier or "maunde." As Pannier Alley was certainly not so called in the middle ages, and as the stone bears the comparatively modern date of 1688, it is perhaps a curious coincidence that the guess is probably correct, because the "Wheat-maund-stone" must have been in the corn-market, which was at this corner, and was marked by the church, which stood where Sir Robert Peel's statue stands now, of St. Michael le Querne. The stone would be, not, as Mr. Earle conjectures, the base of a market-cross, though Cheap Cross did afterwards stand near the spot, but a place where a porter carrying a load of wheat could rest it. Here, then, in the newly-founded city Alfred placed his bishop, and granted him a toll upon the neighbouring market, while the grant, if it was a grant, of Burgred was tacitly ignored.

MARINE ENGINES.*

MR. HOLMES'S handbook has been written to serve at once as guide and supplement to the collection of models and relics in the South Kensington Museum relating to marine engineering. As an exhibition guide it will be of considerable value, and any one who visits the Museum with the intention of studying the development of the marine engine will do well to read the handbook carefully before he goes. But the book has wider uses. Thanks to a good style, to clear and orderly arrangement of subject-matter, and to numerous well-chosen illustrations, it may be read with pleasure and profit, apart from any reference to South Kensington. It forms, in fact, a remarkably complete little manual of the history of the marine steam-engine, from the experimental beginnings to the present day. The history covers a century. It was in October 1788 that Symington, aided by Miller and Taylor, ran his first steamer on Dalswinton Loch, achieving, it is said, a speed of five miles an hour, with much astonishment on the part of the country people. It is easier to believe in the astonishment than in the speed when one examines the curious combination of chains, tappets, and ratchets which made up Symington's engine, now restored and preserved in the Museum. Another experiment which the same inventor made in the following year had more distinct success; but it was not till 1802 that Symington produced what was the first really practical steamboat, the tug *Charlotte Dundas*, built to the order of Lord Dundas to tow barges on the Forth and Clyde Canal. The tug worked well; but it was done away with for fear of damage to the banks of the Canal. After that there could be no doubt about the engineering practicability of steam navigation. Its commercial practicability was proved in America, where Fulton, profiting by Symington's experience and using engines built in England by Boulton and Watt, succeeded in setting up a passenger-steamer service between New York and Albany by the *Clermont* in 1807. This was followed in 1812 by Bell's famous *Comet* on the Clyde.

We cannot attempt to follow Mr. Holmes through the interesting narrative in which he traces the process of evolution which the marine steam-engine has undergone, showing the natural origin of each successive type. As developed in the hands of Newcomen and Watt, the early steam-engines which were used on land had been almost without exception of the type known as the beam-engine—a type which came into favour because of its special suitability for the work of pumping mines, which was the work the early steam-engines had to do. The pull of the steam-piston was

applied at one end of a big rocking beam or lever overhead, which transmitted the effort to the heavy pump-rod hanging from the other end and extending down the shaft of the mine. No form could well be less appropriate for marine use; nevertheless, we find the beam-engine adopted on board ship, holding its own for many years, and only driven out after a severe struggle to adapt itself to its environment—a struggle which gave rise to such types as that of the inverted beam or side-lever engine. Even at the present time the beam is common in the river steamers of the United States, and it is less than ten years since ocean-going paddle-packets of American build, conspicuous with their "walking beam" amidships high above the deck, were to be seen in the harbour of Yokohama. They were—perhaps they still are—survivals of a type that no one would now recommend; but the fact of their having survived so long shows that Mr. Holmes overstates the case when he speaks of the beam-engine as totally inapplicable to ocean-going vessels.

In English practice, however (and the history of marine engineering is almost wholly English history), the beam in all its forms has been absolutely discarded. Paddle-wheel engines are now arranged with their cylinders either fixed on a slope by the side of the shaft, or set directly below it on trunnions, so that they may oscillate and allow the piston to push and pull directly on the crank without the intervention of a connecting-rod. When the screw-propeller came into use, about 1838, marine engineers turned their paddle-engines fore and aft, instead of 'thwartships, and finding that the screw required a much higher speed than the paddle, they put a large toothed-wheel on the crank shaft of the engine gearing into a small wheel on the shaft of the propeller. Soon, however, gearing was rendered needless by the introduction of engines with a short, quick stroke, and some years later the engine of the screw-steamship settled into a type which has persisted without material change for nearly thirty years. This form, familiar to every ocean traveller from being practically universal in the merchant navy, and now common in war ships also, although there the special exigencies of the service have stood somewhat in its way, is the inverted vertical engine, the cylinders of which stand upright and aloft supported on columns like the cylinder of a steam-hammer, while the piston-rods act through the bottom of the cylinder upon the connecting rods and cranks which are below. The thirty years during which this type has held the field have seen enormous changes in the efficiency of the marine engine as a thermo-dynamic machine; but the form of the mechanism has remained substantially unchanged.

Foremost among the causes of thermo-dynamic improvement was the introduction of the surface condenser, experimentally and without complete success in 1837, successfully and generally in 1860. Up to that time the marine boiler had to be constantly fed with salt water, and the salt left as the steam boiled off accumulated, forming strong brine, which had to be discharged from time to time to prevent its becoming unmanageably dense. Surface condensation allowed the same water to be used over and over again, for it kept the steam that passed through the engines distinct from the cold condensing water, and so allowed it to be returned to the boiler. There was a direct and obvious advantage in avoiding the loss of heat which blowing off the brine involved. But the greatest advantage of surface condensation was indirect; the absence of brine allowed the steam pressure in the boiler to be raised without danger of incrustation. And it is to the use of high pressure that the efficiency of the modern marine engine is mainly due.

Next in order, and not less potent, was the adoption of compound expansion, which Woolf had used in the Cornish mining steam-pumps half a century before. To take advantage of high-pressure steam one must allow its volume to expand to many times the original volume within the cylinder. When this is done in one cylinder two drawbacks result. One is that the thrust in the piston varies widely throughout the stroke, being great at first, and much less later when the pressure has fallen off through expansion of the steam. The other drawback is less obvious, and was, in fact, not distinctly recognized by engineers until very recently—the steam cools as it expands, and chills the inner surface of the cylinder so much, if the amount of expansion is great, that fifty per cent. or more of the fresh hot steam that enters at the beginning of the next stroke is instantly condensed upon the chilled metal. Both of these difficulties in the way of using high-pressure steam are removed, or rather greatly mitigated, by the device of compound expansion. The compound engine divides the whole range of expansion into stages which take place in different cylinders, through which the same portion of steam passes successively. Steam from the boiler is admitted into a small cylinder; it is expanded there to a moderate extent, then transferred to a larger cylinder, and there allowed to continue the process, with the result that much total expansion is secured without excessive variation, either of temperature or of pressure, in either cylinder alone. When John Elder began to fit steamers with compound engines in 1856, a boiler pressure of 25 lbs. per square inch was considered very respectable; in a few years the usual pressure was twice as great, and engines were giving the same power with half the former consumption of coal.

But the increase in pressure and consequent increase in economy was far from having reached a limit. The use of steel and the improved form of marine boilers made high pressure safe, and a steady rise went on to 60, 80, and even 100 lbs. With pressures higher than that, the drawbacks referred to above began to

* *Marine Engines and Boilers.* By George C. V. Holmes, Secretary of the Institution of Naval Architects, Whitworth Scholar. Published for the Committee of Council on Education. London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

reassert themselves even in compound engines; the range of pressure and temperature, even when divided between two cylinders, became excessive in each. To remedy this, and allow the boiler pressure to be still further increased, the last great improvement was effected—namely, the introduction of triple-expansion engines. The triple-expansion engine is a compound engine with three cylinders, small, larger, and largest, through which the same steam passes in series, dividing its whole expansion into three moderate stages. In a few instances a further step has been taken; the engine has four graded cylinders, and we have quadruple expansion in four successive steps. But the fourth cylinder, with such steam pressures as are now in vogue, means a complication of working parts without much compensating advantage; and the marine engine of the present day is essentially a triple expansion engine. Introduced by Mr. A. C. Kirk, experimentally in 1874, and with complete success in 1882, the triple engine has not only become the established favourite in new steamers, but has been substituted in scores of cases for existing engines, often of recent build. It caused steam pressure to go up, almost at a bound, to 160 lbs. per square inch, or even more; and the saving of fuel in triple expansion, as compared with the best results of the earlier practice, is not less than twenty, probably twenty-five, per cent. The average consumption of coal at sea, with the engine of to-day, is barely $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coal per hour per indicated horse-power.

It is probable that the rise in steam-pressure has now reached a limit unless, or rather until, the marine boiler suffers a radical change of type. One can scarcely hazard a guess as yet whether the marine boiler of the future will be of the locomotive class, already used in torpedo boats, or some form of water-tube boiler. Till some such change occurs one can scarcely expect the engine to make any advance in point of efficiency comparable with the advance made in the last half-dozen years. Perhaps, indeed, the next great advance may be much more revolutionary. We may see steam abolished and ships driven by gigantic gas engines which, in point of economy of fuel, possess undeveloped possibilities enormously greater than any the steam-engine can boast of.

Meanwhile, there is still rapid progress in other respects. Forced draught—in other words, the plan of forcing the fires by blowing in air with fans (which are driven by a small separate engine)—is coming largely into use in the navy, its advantage being that the work of a big boiler may be done by a smaller one. Along with this goes the increase of piston speed, which is a striking feature of modern practice. Eight years ago the average speed with which the piston of a large marine engine made its stroke was 460 feet per minute; now the great naval engines are made to run with a piston speed of over 1,000 feet per minute. (Mr. Holmes, by the way, in quoting these figures makes the slip of saying *per second* instead of *per minute*.) The effect of this increased speed is that a smaller engine does the work. By the help of forced draught and high speed together naval constructors have succeeded in keeping the whole dead weight of the machinery—the engines, the boilers, and the water in them—under 200 lbs. per indicated horse-power, an achievement of no small moment in war ships, where every pound of weight saved in the engines may be put into armour or guns.

NOVELS.*

"SURELY," says Mrs. Walter Forbes, somewhere in this book to which she has put her name, "surely the burden borne by those who march beneath the blazoned banner of *no-blease oblige* is well-nigh as hard to carry as the load of poverty and care beneath which the lower classes groan so grievously. Their troubles, their needs, are terribly hard, but at least they need not bury them; if they are hungry, they can, and do, mention the fact; if they are angry, they can storm and rage until the steam is worked off; if they are sad, they can weep. But the burden laid on those who live in light and luxury is that they must turn the shoulder of disdain on what they hunger for; must do *l'aimable* to their bitterest foes, and smile most sweetly when their hearts are heaviest. The fox attacks the face, hands, and arms of the poorer classes; but it is Society's darlings who submit smiling to the gnawing of their vitals." Believing all this, the author introduces us to some of Society's darlings who live in light and luxury; to several well-groomed young men, and to not a few "perfectly bonnetted and booted young ladies." We are asked to feel with them, to sympathize with them in their burden-bearing. But, frankly, we cannot. They affect us as much as do the fashion-plates in a lady's newspaper, or the pink, garish heads in a hairdresser's window. We are hardly able to feel a pang of regret that Madge, one of the "perfectly bonnetted" young ladies, should have lost the love of Dick Aylmer, by dying "as a straight-goer should—game in the open." Of course, in a novel like this, which claims to be sporting, we must expect to

have a good deal of turf slang. Sometimes the phrase is just and fits the matter, but not always. The reader may decide whether it fits here:—

Whether Dick was deserving or not is perhaps an open question; but he could give away pounds to the only two competitors entered, the Duke and Grafton, as the latter made all the running for the favourite, while his Grace waited in front until his stable companion should take up the lead.

Mrs. Forbes, though lavish in her use of what we may call *à la vous plait* French, is very chary with regard to her epigrams. We take this one as a specimen—"Scandal is cheaper than sugar, and decidedly more piquant"; and the author grows eloquent concerning another of those burdens borne by livers in light and luxury—to wit, the grievous burden of inferior "afternoon tea." This sharp criticism fills up one of the most interesting pages in *Her Last Run*.

Mr. Collins, tried veteran as he is in the art of novel-making, once more, by *The Legacy of Cain*, shows his supremacy in that particular field of fiction which long since he made his own. Those who look to him for a tale that shall be as strange, as mysterious, as exciting as any of its forerunners will not have cause to feel disappointed at this new production. Indeed, it has quite the full Wilkie Collins flavour; it is strong in the sense of being strongly conceived and strongly worked-out. We may quarrel with the manner; with the slightly formal, pompous, lifeless style in which the book is written. We may abhor (as we do abhor) the double diary as a fearful form of narrative; and we may long (as we do long) at times for one little touch, one solitary spark of gaiety, of humour. But these are trivial things for which the true Collins-lover has no care, bent as he is upon unravelling the dark mystery, upon discovering which of the two heroines, Helena or Eunice, had a murderess as her mother. How well the author has wrapped up his secret, let those who try to detect it say.

A certain feeble mysticism, touches of vulgarity, and not a little bad grammar make *Beyond Cloudland* an extremely poor sort of entertainment. "Lovers of straight lines," says the author in her grandiloquent preface, "of straight lines unvaried by curves of fancy—prosaic souls who neither possess the wings of Imagination nor sympathize with her flight—take warning by this Preface, and go no further." Alas! we never took this warning. We went further, only to find that Mrs. S. M. Crawley-Boevey (author of *Dene-Forest Sketches*, *Topsy-Turvy*, &c.), when floating on the wings of Imagination through five hundred well-printed pages, in an endeavour to lead us beyond cloudland, was a most fatiguing spectacle; and we wished, for our own sake, that we had preferred to ignore her curves of fancy, even at the risk of proclaiming ourselves to be "prosaic souls."

Of course Mr. Frank Stockton gives us a good deal that is amusing in his new batch of short stories. The adscititious experiences of Amos Kilbright, a revived ghost, will perhaps interest readers less than some of the tales which follow. For ourselves, we prefer "The Reversible Landscape" to any other story in the book. It tells of a huge picture factory with its landscape and marine department, where on shelves stand "sky pots of every variety; blue-serene pots, tempest pots, sunset pots in compartments, morning-grey pots, and many others." When, at this popular landscape-mill, the sky has been painted, the work passes to the middle-ground painters, who have their half-tone pots within easy reach. After that, the foreground men take it up, and the figurists put in the men and the animals. One man "has been painting that foreground cow ever since the first of August. He can now put her in three and a half times in fifteen minutes, and will probably rise to sixteen cows an hour by the end of this month." As a satire upon latter-day art, if not as a prophecy as to its future, the tale is quite excellent of its kind.

JOHN FRANCIS.*

THIS book is one of a curious and rather original kind, which is not easy to review in the proper sense, but which may be described briefly for the benefit of whom it may concern. The late Mr. John Francis was publisher of the *Athenæum* for a very considerable period, and in these two bulky volumes his son has not so much written a life of his father (though there is a brief autobiography) as arranged a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the contents of the *Athenæum* itself during its literary lifetime. The notion is, we say, rather a curious one, but its result is not undeserving of a place on the shelves. It gives in effect a running catalogue, with extracts of part of the contents, of a weekly newspaper for some fifty or sixty years, especially of the obituaries of distinguished persons contained in it, of the more remarkable items of literary news, and of the chief books reviewed. In yet other words, it may be said to be a kind of expansion and reasoned analysis of the index of the paper. We do not know whether such a thing has ever been done before; but there is certainly no reason why it should not be done again. Indeed, it would add greatly to the usefulness of newspaper files if some such thing were done year by year as a supplement to the bare index itself. Each of these volumes has in its turn an index to its own share, so that it is easy to see whether it contains anything upon the particular subject which the person who consults

* *Her Last Run*. By Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes. 2 vols. London: Roper & Drowley.

The Legacy of Cain. By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

Beyond Cloudland. By S. M. Crawley-Boevey. 2 vols. London: Alexander Gardner.

Amos Kilbright; with other Stories. By F. R. Stockton. 1 vol. London: Fisher Unwin.

* *John Francis: a Literary Chronicle of Half a Century*. By J. C. Francis. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

it may have in his eye. We can hardly suppose that it was intended, at least primarily, for continuous reading, for it is practically a thousand pages of scraps. The worst side of it is, that it will facilitate still further the already too much facilitated task of the accursed bookmaker. But it is almost, if not quite, impossible to devise means of sparing worthier persons unnecessary and probably fruitless labour without encouraging that evil beast, so that the encouragement of him is not to be set down to Mr. Francis's discredit. He has materially helped his clients in the task of consulting him by affixing *manchettes* or side-headings to his paragraphs. If the book were likely to go into a second edition, we should suggest that the addition to these of a running calendar (the year is already at the top of the page, and the months and days could be added at the side) would still further increase the usefulness of a book which, if only now and then, is certain to be of service to the literary inquirer. As it is, the side-headings are very properly grouped in the "contents," so that the items of any given year can be seen at a glance. It is rather a book for the working man of letters than one for the general reader; but even that vague and much-talked-of person may find food in it.

LAW BOOKS.*

ON the publication, some years ago, of a previous edition of *Every Man's Own Lawyer*, we took the trouble to show in some detail that it was a worthless volume, and full of bad law, and that, whereas it had on its cover the mottoes "No more Lawyers' Bills!" and "Six-and-eightpence saved at every consultation!" "a faithful reliance on its statements" was "likely to produce more six-and-eightpences for the lawyers than for its author." Without admitting that an actual record of the result of such reliance is of more value than our theoretical exposition of its dangers, we are glad, if only for the sake of variety, to supplement the sound criticism then passed on the book by an account of what recently happened to a person who was sufficiently ill advised to disregard our plain warning. We, therefore, call the following facts from the law report of the *Times*. Mr. Samuel Galbraith, an elected candidate for a County Council, moved the Divisional Court for an order excusing him for having committed two offences. One of these was having held an election meeting on premises licensed for the sale of refreshment. The motion was opposed, and it was proved that at a meeting at his own house, Mr. Galbraith

read out from a book called *Every Man his [sic] own Lawyer* (1887) a sentence showing that licensed premises might not be used for committee-rooms. It was also shown that at a meeting on November 29 Mr. Galbraith had publicly stated that a meeting could not be held on licensed premises. In reply it was pointed out that the book at page 205 only dealt with committee-rooms, and there was no reference there to section 16 of the Act of 1884, which forbids the use of such premises for all meetings in an election under the Act, and that if the candidate trusted to that there was nothing to show that meetings other than committee meetings were illegal. At the same time he might at first have thought it applied to all meetings, and afterwards have discovered that the clause in the book applied to committee-rooms only.

In the result

Mr. Justice Denman said the excuse would be allowed. There was no indication that the candidate desired to violate the law. He bought a book which he thought would keep him straight, but trusting to the book proved dangerous. In it he did not find the material section of the Act of 1884, and was led to believe that the use of licensed premises was only forbidden for committee-rooms;

but

on the application of Mr. Pollard costs were allowed to the opposition.

* *Every Man's Own Lawyer: a Handy Book of the Principles of Law and Equity*. By a Barrister. Twenty-sixth edition. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1889.

The Coroners Act, 1887; with Forms and Precedents. By Rudolph E. Melsheimer, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Being the Fifth edition of the Treatise by Sir John Jervis on the Office and Duties of Coroners. London: Sweet & Sons; Maxwell & Son; Stevens & Sons. 1888.

The Law relating to County Councils; being the Local Government Act, 1888, the County Electors Act, 1888, &c. By C. Norman Bazalgette, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and George Humphreys, B.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Joint Authors of "The Law of Local and Municipal Government." Second edition. By George Humphreys, B.A. London: Stevens & Sons. 1888.

The Local Government Act, the County Electors Act, 1888, &c. By Walter C. Ryde, M.A., of the Inner Temple, and E. Lewis Thomas, M.A., LL.M., of Lincoln's Inn, Barristers-at-Law. London: Butterworths. 1888.

A Handbook for County Authorities. By Alexander Pulling, Jun., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Editor and Compiler of the "Index to the London Gazette, 1830-1883" &c. London: William Clowes & Sons. 1889.

A Short Treatise on the Law relating to Fraud and Misrepresentation. By Sidney Hastings, B.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "A Treatise on the Law of Torts" &c. London: William Clowes & Sons. 1888.

A Guide to the Law of Distress for Rent, including the Statutes thereon from 1266 to 1888; with Notes and References. By R. T. Hunter, Chief Clerk, County Court, Stockton-on-Tees, Author of "The County Courts Act, 1888." London: Waterlow & Sons. 1888.

The Annual Practice, 1888-9: Supplement to the Annual Practice, 1888-9. By Thomas Snow, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Esq., and Hubert Winstanley, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barristers-at-Law, and Francis A. Stringer, of the Central Office, Royal Courts of Justice. London: Maxwell & Sons; Sweet & Sons.

If Mr. Galbraith had not fallen into the snare wickedly laid for him by "A Barrister," he might either have paid a solicitor 6s. 8d. for telling him the law, or have discovered it for nothing from any person of moderate intelligence who had ever had to do with a municipal election. At it was, he may be presumed to have paid 6s. 8d. for his book, or 5s., if he was allowed full discount, and he must also have paid at least ten guineas for his own costs, and the like amount for those of his adversaries. In a word, instead of "six-and-eightpence" saved by his "consultation," it cost him twenty-one pounds (and probably thirty would be nearer the mark), besides putting him in peril of having his election declared void, and being sentenced to pay a penalty of 100l. The omission in the edition of 1887, on which Mr. Galbraith relied to save him from the worse consequences of his breach of the law, is not remedied in the edition of 1889.

Mr. Melsheimer has performed a useful task in editing a new edition of *Jervis on Coroners*, and has performed it well. It is published "in the form of an edition" of the Coroners Act, 1887, and Jervis's text has been rearranged so as to put as much as possible of it by way of comment on the successive sections of the consolidating Act. The work required some delicacy of execution, and Mr. Melsheimer has succeeded remarkably well, as he has for the most part reproduced the original text, in so far as it is still applicable, with conspicuous fidelity to the author. On the whole, Mr. Melsheimer's blend of new comment in that part of Jervis's book which consists of a general disquisition upon the law of homicide is done with judgment, though he has not had occasion to add much. In his note on the famous case of *Reg. v. Dudley and Stephens*, he speaks of "Lord Bacon's view that a man may save his own life by killing if necessary an innocent and unoffending neighbour," as "overruled." The judgment of the Queen's Bench Division in that case hardly goes to such a length as to contradict the proposition of Bacon here referred to, which is, that if two shipwrecked men have hold of a plank which can keep only one of them afloat, and one pushes the other off, whereby he is drowned, it is no murder. Dudley and Stephens's case was expressly decided on the ground that, on the facts specially found by the jury, there was no absolute necessity to kill the boy and eat his flesh in order to preserve the lives of the survivors at the precise moment when he was killed.

Messrs. Bazalgette & Humphreys's book on County Councils, the original publication of which happened at about the time of the death of Mr. Norman Bazalgette, has now reached a second edition. This good fortune is probably due as much to the reputation of the authors and of the former work on a similar topic which they had published in collaboration with each other as to any supereminent merit of the volume itself, in comparison with the many others which have appeared on the same subject. It is a good, useful edition of the Local Government Act, 1888, and the consequent County Electors Act. The Appendix contains the incorporated parts of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882, but not of the Ballot Act, or of the Municipal Corporations (Corrupt Practices) Act, 1884. The residue of the Appendix contains a good deal of matter which may be useful, including the Order in Council prescribing forms—one or two of which, by the way, do the Local Government Board uncommonly little credit—and a convenient statement of the Powers and Duties of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which have been conferred upon and transferred to the London County Council in a lump by the principal Act. The notes to the Acts edited are fairly good, and not too voluminous. *Bazalgette and Humphreys* is not a bad County Council book, but there are several better.

One of them is Messrs. Ryde and Thomas's. The introduction is naturally to the same effect as that of Messrs. Bazalgette and Humphreys; and all these introductions read a good deal like speeches delivered in the London County Council elections by conscientious candidates. It is plausibly alleged that in the country, as a general thing, personalities set in early and enlivened matters a little. Messrs. Ryde and Thomas give the whole of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882, on the ground that it is necessary for its proper comprehension to have it all there to refer to. They distinguish typographically between those parts of it which the Local Government Act incorporates and those which it does not. Their observations on the sections of the principal Act appear to be adequate, and they give an enormous collection of incorporated or otherwise appropriate statutory provisions at the end of the book. The principal objection to their volume is its inconvenient shape, the pages being too small and too numerous. This criticism, however, has less weight in court—where any economy of space is welcome—than in chambers.

Mr. A. Pulling, desiring "to show what the authorities, whether County Councils or magistrates, can do, and how they should do it," has felt it to be beneath the dignity of the occasion to edit an Act of Parliament, and has therefore written a treatise. In his own words, he "has not followed the usual plan of reprinting an Act of Parliament and adding notes. He has preferred to state under each subject what the law is, and to give the references to the statutes in footnotes." Mr. Pulling's conduct is unquestionably gallant, but we fear it is injudicious. When an important new Act comes into operation, what is wanted is not a treatise, but an edition. This is the teaching of experience, and will survive many Mr. Pullings. Also it stands to reason. The Legislature, being a collection of very human, very officious, and on the average rather stupid, persons, has a way of expressing itself so as frequently to mean what it does not say, and always

to say what it does not mean. Hence its deliveries have to be carefully considered, in the light of the facts to which they have to be applied, and learned men appointed by the Queen as her deputies for that purpose have to determine, after argument and much thought, "what the law is." A time comes when the law made by any one statute is pretty well settled, and then is the time for text-writers to make treatises, expounding "what the law is" instead of editing statutes. But the Local Government Act is not ripe for that treatment yet. It is melancholy to have to add that Mr. Pulling, in his preface, boasts that "legal and technical language has been avoided; where used it has been explained." Mr. Pulling promises two similar handbooks on the London County Council and the District Councils (when there are any), and possibly some alteration "in a future edition" of this one. It is impossible not to be pleased with such a sanguine gentleman, and sorry that the volume following these ingenuous remarks is very much what one would expect it to be.

The difficult task of writing a little book on a large subject has been performed by Mr. Sidney Hastings with a considerable degree of success. His brief treatise on Fraud and Misrepresentation, which is in reality in the nature of a digest of case-law, seems a sound piece of work. It is probably too small to attain to great popularity among practitioners; but it might often be of humble service in speedily pointing out the right track of investigation. The arrangement is necessarily rather arbitrary, and probably not quite exhaustive.

Like other "Guides" on legal subjects Mr. Hunter's *Guide to the Law of Distress* looks—and for that matter is—extremely cheap. It is, however, designed to be "helpful to Landlords, their Agents, Certificated Bailiffs, and Tenants," and is probably well adapted to that humble purpose. The Introduction alone is worth more than the price of the book to those bold persons who are not deterred by the Act of last year from distraining for small sums. It states simply and correctly the main provisions of that Act. In point of arrangement the little volume leaves something to seek, but to any one engaged in the collection of rent who is not, and knows he is not, a lawyer, and has sense enough to surmise when it becomes necessary to take advice, it will probably be a good half-crown's worth.

It is superfluous to review a book which hardly any wise man goes into the Divisional Court or the Court of Appeal without, and therefore we merely record with satisfaction the existence of the *Annual Practice*, 1888-9, together with a separate Supplement containing the Pay Office statutes and rules, the rules specially made under various statutes, the Lunacy Orders, and the practice with regard to appeals in the House of Lords.

HOLIDAY MUSINGS.*

HOLIDAY papers should be not merely papers written in holidays, for the worker may carry his harness on his back when he is out of the shafts, and be galled by it when he is no longer dragging his load; he may be unable, *i.e.* to think about anything but his work. To be really holiday thoughts they should be about holiday subjects, and the thinker should be in a holiday mood. The sudden release of a vigorous mind from worry and work produces just the temper for such not unprofitable musings. The strain of larger interests and of routine is relaxed, and trifles take their place. Eyes and brain are occupied with a leaf, an insect, or a pebble, almost unconsciously; but they do not rest there. The mind accustomed to its activities finds a refuge from vacuity in a kind of vagabond reflectiveness, as if rejoicing in the liberty of roaming where it wills. So it wanders away into analogies and comparisons, and finds parables everywhere, and more rest in its wanderings than if it were torpid, because it *feels* that it is resting. This appears to be somewhat the spirit and the secret of these papers of Mr. Jones's—the spirit in which they were written, and the secret of their charm. They are memory and pensiveness let loose, and they are like and unlike the first series which was published as long ago as 1864. Like, of course, because the man and the conditions are the same, but like with a difference because another quarter of a century comes between him and the "Pond-fishing" and "Hedge-hopping" of the first series, and the zest of boyhood seems further off, though there is a flavour of the old delight in the "Rabbiting" article of the second. But five-and-twenty years' work in London do more than dull the taste such raptures leave behind; they make meditation more active than memory; the added knowledge of the world of men fosters the tendency to generalize, and the change in the relative energy of mind and body makes speculation more natural than description. Hence, perhaps, there is more of musing in '89 than in '64; but there is no mauling. In these records and notes and guesses thoughts start somewhere and end in something, and there is as much in them that is wise and racy and alive as there was when we laughed and pondered over the earlier papers, if there is less boyish glee.

Mr. Jones is a many-sided man. To lie in a hammock extemporized out of a pig-net, and to watch the occupations of a "solitary" bee (with accompanying reflections), are not his only means of taking a holiday. His complaint sometimes requires more

strenuous treatment. To cross the Rocky Mountains, to ride on a camel from Sinai to Hebron, to follow in the wake of the German army in France, have been occasional prescriptions, and reminiscences of such experiences interrupt and enliven memories of very different scenes. One of his stories is worth extracting (as, indeed, many are if we had space), because it would be incredible if it were not true. He arrived at Sedan one evening, and amid indescribable misery and confusion set himself, if possible, to find shelter for the night. Of course every hotel was full, and there was nothing for it but to wander about on the chance of better luck. Coming to a large barn or barrack, he went in, feeling his way in total darkness, and stumbled over a *body* on the ground. The body, a hospital nurse, cried out in very good English, "Who's there?" and he answered (not knowing what else to say), "Harry Jones. I am looking for a place to sleep in." "Are you the Mr. Jones that wrote 'Holiday Papers'?" "Yes." "Then you may have my room," naming one of the hotels where he had vainly sought admittance. It is not often in the history of literature that a book has been of such practical service to its author. There is a multitude of other good stories, home and foreign, social, parochial, and municipal, of town and country, illustrating the many points of contact between the writer and men of all sorts and conditions, and the unexpected ways in which he seeks vent for his energies and finds delight in their exercise. It would not occur to every exhausted professional man to rush home from Zermatt at the very beginning of a holiday on hearing that cholera had broken out in his parish, because it was "so much more interesting to fight it than to climb the Matterhorn," nor would the zeal of every rector inspire him to sit all night on the roof of a house in East London to detect the surreptitious source of a poisonous stench. But, characteristic as such stories are of the man, as he is known to Londoners, they do not seem to us to represent the unique charm of the writer or his book. It is when he is in his country home that he expands. He is evidently in a shooting jacket there, and with all his experience of town life seems more in sympathy with the humour and shrewdness of the rural mind than with the smartness of the Londoner, to say nothing of his sympathy with almost every form of animal life and his handiness at every kind of country pursuit. His house seems literally mobbed with all sorts of domestic animals, and yet every individual bird and beast is a pet. On such good terms is he with them all that they don't know their place; but a filly is found looking at herself in the drawing-room mirror, and a donkey and a swan are detected examining the trophies of travel and sport in the hall. The ducks have their idiosyncrasies; the dogs are little less than human, and are taught to extend to cats the privileges they themselves enjoy, for we are treated to a picture of a deerhound lying outstretched upon the rug with a kitten in every crevice of his lengthy form, "levelled up with kittens"; and of an obstreperous spaniel so indulged with lumps of his favourite biscuit that he had no time for swallowing, but took them all into his capacious mouth, and then retired to count his takings, "like a churchwarden with the collecting plate." Mr. Jones's activities seem to be as manifold as his sympathies. He is evidently a successful farmer, and gets more "coombs" an acre with less seed-corn than any of his neighbours; he can sail a boat on his winding mere, build a fishing-punt and catch fish from it; he can use the indispensable worms for his tench without cruelty, for he has found out a way of instantaneously killing them without impairing their value as bait; and we suspect, in spite of his disclaimer, that he is (certainly not a "sporting man," but) a sportsman, for he confesses that he can shoot, and he has the higher equipment of a sportsman in his knowledge of the nature and habits of birds and beasts. Records of his conversations with old country folks, and his visits to them; of the surprise and delight of the young ones at their first sight of "Punch and Judy," imported by him (imagine a child that hadn't seen Punch!); of the visit which he planned and carried out of some twenty or thirty farm-labourers to London, most of them going there for the first time, reveal some of the tenderer aptitudes for country life of a man whom most of those who know him by name only have pictured to themselves as a typical Londoner. As the reader will guess, this is a tempting book to begin to gossip about; but we have probably said enough to send him to it. If this second series of *Holiday Papers* here and there suggests the thought that, to the writer, there has somehow "passed away a glory from the earth," it is at least as evident that, if he is less joyous, he is no less human than when he wrote the first; and, if it reminds the reader that "he prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small," it will have produced, we think, its true, but totally undesigned, impression.

IN AND OFF AFRICA.*

MR. BATEMAN was for some time Captain and Adjutant of Gendarmerie in the Congo Free State. While on service there, in 1884, he was despatched, under Dr. Wolf's command, in charge of the expedition which forms the subject matter of these

* *The First Ascent of the Kasai; being some Records of Service under the Lone Star.* By Charles Somerville Latrobe Bateman. With illustrations. London: Philip & Son.

Madeira; its Scenery and How to See It. By Ellen M. Taylor. London: Edward Stanford.

* *Holiday Papers.* By the Rev. Harry Jones. Second series. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

pages. The record of his adventures in the first attempt to plant civilization in a vast region of Central Africa possesses to a large extent the weird interest attaching to all travels and explorations in the Dark Continent. We shall not attempt to follow the author step by step in his hazardous journey, but will only mention a few of the facts narrated by him which may be interesting to readers generally, and useful to intending followers in his footsteps. His work at Luebo Station is described in a straightforward style, without false modesty, and as conspicuously without self-laudation. Luebo is not exactly an earthly paradise. Mosquitos and midges abound there, so do wasps and hornets. There are a few centipedes, and no chigoes as yet; though Mr. Bateman doubts not that they will follow in the wake of civilization. Horse-flies abound, and so does the mangrove-fly, which is nearly akin to the *clegg* of our North British moors. Many of the neighbouring tribes were hostile, and some of them very treacherous. The Bihanos and other slave-dealers were punished by our author with just severity. On the other hand, the Bashilangé, although cruel and passionate, were unimpeachably honest, brave to desperation, prejudiced in favour of European customs, and most willing to adopt the usages of civilization. The Bakètè, again, were excellent neighbours, kind friends, and sincere well-wishers to the white men. Palm wine is a powerful intoxicant, and an abomination. Mr. Bateman gives an excellent account of its manufacture or fabrication. So he does of cassava and of the horrible Lhiamba-smoking.

Our author's style is simple enough. He never strives after the ornate or the picturesque, but his account of a night-watch for buffaloes in an African forest is vivid almost to the verge of poetry:—

When we began our watch, the myriad-voice cicada and the croaking bullfrogs were in wildest chorus. Soon, as the darkness deepened into night, the frequent hoot of owls was heard on all sides, followed by the plaintive whistle of the night-plover, the prolonged brr of the goat-sucker, so weird in its ventriloquial effect, and the booming of the bittern beside the stretches of still water underneath the fern-fringed hollowed banks. As we watched and waited for the buffalo, great bats came flitting overhead, the smart snapping of their teeth, and their shrill mouse-like cries, betraying what the noiseless movement of their wings concealed—their presence. Suddenly a wild scream strikes through the many voices of the night; it is repeated again and again as it comes nearer; a pause, the cry of the fierce *mbaku*, swinging himself from branch to branch in search of prey. And now, just overhead, once more that hide-us shriek rings out, triumphantly above the frantic chatter of a luckless colony of apes, for the *mbaku* is upon them, and their only safety lies in flight. At last, far off, we hear the buffalo, at first a distant lowing, and, as they near our ambush, now and then a crash as the herd forces their way through the thick undergrowth towards the water. But we wait and wait in vain; they are not coming to the fore, but are already going off by other breaks and openings further up the stream. It would be worse than madness to attempt to follow in the dense and trackless wood, and so we seek our camp, climbing the steep, rough path from out the darkness of the gorge. Just as we gain the safe circle of our fires the rising moon breaks through the forest glades and pours a silvery flood of light around us. Immediately the bull-frogs and the all pervading chirrup of the crickets hush, while other sounds, more distant, reach our ears, borne from the prairie on the cool, faint breeze, the answering cries of jackals, the hateful laugh of the cruel hyæna, and now and then the mournful call of the spur-winged plover, silent in the dark.

In Africa the fact that physical causes may produce physical events never occurs to the natives, who attribute anything at all out of the way to magic. One chief who followed Mr. Bateman's example in drinking burnt brandy was supposed to be supernaturally endowed. On another occasion our traveller frightened a refractory chieftain into repentance and submission by threatening him with a thunderstorm. Mr. Bateman comments on the enormous difference between missionaries and missionaries, giving the palm for usefulness and practically-directed enthusiasm to the Fathers of the Catholic Mission in Africa, whose members are highborn and educated men, of great intellectual power, and it may be knowledge of the world, very different from the half-educated sectaries to whom the mission-field abroad offers a solid advancement from uncertain and ill-paid occupations at home. Such men may turn out good geographers, but very seldom efficient pioneers of Christianity.

The author says that the Bakètè have generally only small game to hunt, zebras, giraffes, and rhinoceroses, so common in East Central Africa, being unknown. The only good-sized quarry is the *bambangala*, a horned antelope as large as a well-grown mule. In the Bashilangé country, on the other hand, he saw leopards, panthers, civets, hyænas, wild-cats, otters, onças, Cape hunting dogs, jackals, the *mbaku*, and occasionally a lion. Elephants are numerous in the neighbourhood of Luebo, and so are hippopotami. Mr. Bateman enumerates also various kinds of birds and snakes and insects to be found in this comfortable district. The state of his health compelled our author to quit the country in which he had done so much good work, and on the 18th of December, 1866, "he looked his last," he tells us, "upon the dark woods and swirling waters of Luebo." Mr. Bateman seems to be not only the right sort of man to explore and civilize savage regions, but to chronicle his adventures in them. We do not know whether to admire most his energy, his indomitable pluck, his practical common sense, his modesty, his rigid sense of duty, or his burning zeal for "the regeneration of long-degraded races of his fellow men."

The illustrations, some of which are admirably coloured and none of which are taken from photographs, largely enhance the value of this interesting book.

Miss Ellen M. Taylor's volume is an admirable *vade mecum* for persons travelling to or in Madeira. It is, in fact, as she her-

self styles it, a handbook constructed after the regulation pattern. It furnishes lists of packets sailing to the island, and it plans admirable excursions for persons who have arrived there. It gives full information respecting custom-house regulations, the cost of living, the proper clothing to wear, the dimensions of cathedrals and churches. It furnishes a short vocabulary of Portuguese and English words; and, to crown all, what Senhor da Fonseca calls a "Coins-Index," or a table of the relative value of Portuguese and English money.

These somewhat prosaic details are varied by short sketches of the history and of the picturesque legends of the famous health resort. The story of Anne d'Arfet and Machim is very romantic; and so is that of the adventures of Zargo and of De Braga. In 1662, when Charles II. married Catherine of Braganza, and the island had been some time freed from the yoke of Spain, English merchants began to settle there. The Portuguese Queen-Regent was afraid that King Charles would have required the cession of the island as part of his wife's dowry, and was prepared, if the need arose, to include it in the Portuguese possessions already settled upon her; but, to her great delight, no such sacrifice on her part was required. Negro slavery was abolished in Madeira so early as 1773.

The fauna and flora of the region are minutely described in this book, and the beauties of the island, with its varied scenery, are enthusiastically dwelt upon. Miss Taylor remained a year in Madeira, and cannot sufficiently extol the industry, good-humour, and temperance of the peasants, and the kindness of the friends she made there, among residents and visitors. There is a graphic account of the vines and of the manufacture of wine; and we cannot refrain from quoting a recipe for the preparation of a savoury mess of rice, which appears to be the staple dish of the country. This is the recipe:—

Brown two sliced onions; when tender and well-browned add two sliced tomatoes; let them brown very thoroughly before adding a pint of water; let this simmer till it thickens, then press it well through a c-lander into a saucepan. Add another pint of water; set it to boil with half a pound of good rice; season with a little butter, salt, half a dozen entire all-spice; put fowls into the same saucepan with the rice; add more water if necessary, as the rice must be rather moist when served, half-smothering the fowls.

She also gives a most toothsome prescription for a sweet dish mainly made of eggs.

Altogether the description of the *agréments* of life in Madeira will set many people, especially invalids, quite agog to visit the beautiful island. The book contains an excellent map of Madeira, and a good plan of Funchal, which greatly add to its practical value.

GRAMONT AND MONTESQUIEU.*

MR. HENRY VIZETELLY has had considerable experience in the manufacture of books, and his new edition of the *Memoirs of the Count de Gramont* (whose name he elects to spell as it is spelled by the modern representatives of the family) certainly bears the tokens of that experience. His binding, with its subdued tone and prettily-stamped sides, is decidedly prepossessing; his type and paper are good, and his headpieces and initial letters often excellent. He has prefixed to the book an account both of Hamilton and the Gramonts; he claims (and we can well believe him) to have corrected errors in the translation which has done duty so long; and he has obviously added largely to the notes and literary illustrations. But here our praise must end. To his illustrations of the pictorial kind we have two grave objections to make. We refrain from making a third—to wit, that we think a volume of this character is best illustrated by copies of contemporary portraits and views only—because, in the present diseased demand for so-called *éditions de luxe*, such a suggestion is of too ideal a character to attract the slightest attention. And we admit that we have no great quarrel with the "thirty-four portraits" which Mr. Vizetelly has given. Our two objections concern the "seventeen etchings" interspersed among them. We say, in the first place, that to decorate a volume—making, as this does, certain pretensions to an eclectic character—by a selection of plates, apparently derived from different editions issued at different times, is wholly at variance with all congruity of artistic treatment, and the result is to give the book the appearance of what is known in second-hand catalogues as an "extra-illustrated volume"—that is to say, a volume which may be extremely interesting to the collector who makes it, but of which the very essence is discordance and contradiction. Nothing could well be more forlorn than the figure made in Mr. Vizetelly's pages by the designs dated 1819, and assigned to "—Choquet." They are manifestly not contemporary; they pay no particular attention to costume; and they have no artistic value whatsoever. The other fancy illustrations are men of slightly more ability; and it is with regard to their work that we make our second objection. One of them, M. Chauvet, habitually selects for illustration passages which could only be made pictorially tolerable by an artist endowed with special tact, delicacy, or distinction, and M. Chauvet has none of these qualities. We never remember to have seen in

* *Memoirs of the Count de Gramont*. By Count Anthony Hamilton. Edited by Henry Vizetelly. 2 vols. London: Vizetelly & Co.

The Temple of Gnida, &c. By C. de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu. London: Vizetelly & Co.

any book of this importance a design more hopelessly crude and more irretrievably vulgar than that which, in vol. ii. p. 27, depicts an incident in the life of Miss Stewart; and the same artist's rendering of Miss Churchill's accident (vol. ii. p. 172) is almost as bad. The third illustrator, Mr. H. Gray, is rather more accomplished, and usually more judicious; but, unfortunately, his most carefully-wrought effort is an illustration of an incident which should never have been illustrated at all. Gramont's *Memoirs*, it is well known, are not precisely a school of morals. But they are an authentic and accepted picture of the Court of Charles II.; they are unquestionably classic; and it is wholly gratuitous and superfluous, at this hour of the day, to emphasize and underline their least creditable episodes by designs which would be better suited for the pages of Zola or Belot.

Of *The Temple of Gnidos* we have little to say which we have not already said in noticing the *Kisses of Dorat* which preceded it. It is a translation of Montesquieu's well-known prose-poem, "illustrated with the original copperplate engravings" to be found in the editions of 1772 and 1794. As the plates at the latter date were said to be much worn, it must be admitted that they have been printed with considerable skill in the present issue. All the designs, which are by Charles Eisen Choffard and Le Barbier, are, with one exception, engraved by the excellent chalcographer Le Mire, and the volume has a preface by that indefatigable purveyor of frivolities, M. Octave Uzanne.

A QUEER SKETCH.*

MR. SAVERY, M.S.A., must have been a nice boy to go to school with. We can well imagine the glee with which his schoolfellows must have heard their form-master put him on to construe, and how the flights of his fancy and his wealth of ingenuity must have enlivened the monotony of the lesson. Unspoilt by the levelling effects of education, his genius still retains its freshness, and may be appreciated by all who will devote a few minutes—they will not be spent in vain—to his *Historical Sketch of the Church of England*. His little volume contains so many novelties as to be fairly bewildering. For a few pages, indeed, the reader may steady himself by constantly remembering that the English Church is not English, but Welsh, and that history is myth and myth is history; but even these aids will soon fail him. Aristobulus has the honour to be the founder of Mr. Savery's Church; he was ordained Bishop by St. Paul, and when the Apostle wrote his Epistle to the Romans was absent in Britain, looking after natives of one sort or the other we may suppose. That there is no reason to believe that Aristobulus was a Christian is, of course, a remark which could only be made by "hypercritical writers." He died at Glastonbury—that at least is certain—and in a building erected by "a pious man of the name of Joseph"; but it is not hypercritical to doubt whether this pious man was Joseph of Arimathea. Another founder was a king of a district called Mooganwg (*sic*), possibly after St. Decuman's cow, a suggestion which Mr. Savery is welcome to use in future editions. Then "English bishops" attended the Councils of Arles and Arminium (*sic*), and "early in the fifth century the orthodoxy of the British Church was beyond dispute." This seems a little mixed, and is certainly hard on Pelagius on the one side and St. Germanus on the other. However, we have clearly established the fact that Augustine had no business to come meddling here; and we find that, when his successor consecrated Paulinus, "considerable friction was the result," not indeed with the English bishops, whose predecessors sat at "Arminium," but with a British Bishop of York. It is, indeed, charitably supposed that Gregory the Great—being, no doubt, an ignorant old man—was not aware that there was a Church in Britain; and it is some comfort to reflect that Augustine had the grace to obtain his orders, not from Rome, but from the Gallican Church—for Vergilius, of course, consecrated him on his own responsibility. After this we get on pretty quickly to a "previous Saxon king, Offa," who was, sad to say, a "Roman Catholic," though it was "not until Canute the Dane, in the name of religion, inflicted the tax of Peter's pence on the poor Saxons that we are again reminded of the strong influence of Rome." This influence was increased by Lanfranc, a "powerful representative of the Pope," who made York subservient to the See of Canterbury, and "it has remained so to this day," which we should scarcely have gathered from contemporary events. Matters grew worse when Henry I., "after disputing warmly with the Pope," allowed him the right of presenting to English sees. At the same time Rome had some powerful enemies even among those of its own household. The Carmelite Order, we are told, was hostile to its rule, and the Knights of St. John owed obedience to the Eastern Church. Both had something to do with Palestine, and the Patriarchs of Jerusalem must, of course, have been Greeks; any suggestion as to the possibility of a Latin Patriarchate would be hypercritical. As to the Templars, they seem to have revived after their difficulties in the reign of Edward II.; for their Order "was suppressed by Henry VIII., the license of its members eventually causing its overthrow." Subservient as it still is, the see of York got a lift about that time; for, after reading just before of a Bishop of York, we are

told that "Cranmer, Archbishop of York," persuaded Anne Boleyn that it was not necessary that Henry should obtain the Pope's consent to the divorce of Catherine. Many strange things happened in those days, and among them we find that Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, "was beheaded on London Bridge"—surely a most inconvenient place of execution. The final breach with Rome seems to have been occasioned by the order of Elizabeth that all churches should be furnished with new Communion-plate. Enraged at this "evidence of the vitality of the Anglican Church, Pius IX." excommunicated the Queen. The cause of the prisoner of the Vatican—we are growing bewildered—was "warmly espoused" by Mary, Queen of Scots. Rome, however, was baffled, and England "raised her head, independent alike in body and soul from (*sic*) foreign interference." Nor did the Papacy gain ground under James I., though he "gave no support to the Protestant party." Matters were different under James II., who ordered the publication of a Declaration of Indulgence, a document which has hitherto been grossly misunderstood. It is evident from a report which Mr. Savery is enabled to give us of an interview between the King and Archbishop Sancroft, that the words of the Declaration are utterly meaningless, and that there was more behind than we have hitherto supposed. What did the title of the document signify? The Primate grasped the King's intention in a moment; he was about to take up the trade of Tetzl, and hawk indulgences about his kingdom. Sancroft "plainly intimated that such an attempt to reintroduce the popish scandal of indulgences could not be allowed by the Church." Finally James was packed off to sell his indulgences elsewhere; William was "invited to the English throne," and "under the régime of this monarch, Protestantism again threatened the safety of the English Church." This state of affairs threw Archbishop Sancroft into opposition, and led him to refuse to subscribe to the oath of allegiance. With this new view of the motives which actuated the Nonjurors we may as well stop. The rest of Mr. Savery's booklet is commonplace, for his remark that "the advance of Church knowledge is a hopeful sign of the times" would not appear ludicrous elsewhere. His *Sketch* does not run to more than fifty-eight pages, but we have only given samples of the amazing statements which it contains.

FIVE CLASSICAL TEXT-BOOKS.*

MR. COLSON'S *Stories and Legends: a First Greek Reader*, has been, as he tells us, suggested by Mr. Morice's very successful beginner's book, *Attic Stories*. Mr. Colson's object has been to provide his readers with genuine passages from standard Greek authors, cut into sufficiently minute morsels to be swallowed by a boy of the lowest forms of a public school at one sitting. It is curious to notice the pious fear of corrupting the beginner's style which leads Mr. Colson to strain at Herodotus while many schools swallow such a camel as the Greek Testament. Certainly, if boys do not nowadays learn Greek easily, it cannot be for want of having their path made straight. Whether these compendia, which are growing so common in modern times, are an unmixed good, we shall not presume to say; but it has always appeared to us that they do not assist young scholars in acquiring the invaluable art of looking out words swiftly and easily in the dictionary—an art mainly mechanical, it may be, but one of immense assistance when acquired, and one which cannot be acquired too soon. Mr. Colson's book is well and carefully done, but we doubt the power of the raciest anecdote to give boys, as he hopes it may, "some knowledge of Greek personages and Greek life, and to help them to understand that the language which they are studying is the key to the history of (to use Matthew Arnold's favourite word) an 'interesting' nation." This, in our opinion, can only be done by teaching boys Greek history. Nothing else, we conceive, will give boys an interest in the sayings and doings of eminent Greeks—and history is too often deferred as a luxury for the use of the Sixth Form. A boy who reads Greek stories about people of whom he knows nothing is apt to think that they never were really alive—that they have been invented for the torment of schoolboys, and have no affinity to real flesh and blood. To read the story of Thermopylae, well told in English, would do more to interest boys in the Greeks than any collection of extracts from Greek writers, for the simple reason that, when reading English, a boy can give his undivided attention to the story; whereas when ploughing through a piece of Greek he can think of nothing but the difficulties of the language, just as a beginner on the piano-forte cannot judge of the effect of the air which he is playing, all his attention being devoted to avoiding the striking of false

* *Stories and Legends: a First Greek Reader*. By F. H. Colson, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

The Republic of Plato. Book X. By B. D. Turner, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

Lucretius. Book V. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. D. Duff, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge University Pitt Press Series.

Herodotus. Book VI. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A., late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge; formerly Master at Eton. Cambridge University Pitt Press Series.

Homer's Odyssey. Book X. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by G. M. Edwards, M.A., Fellow of Sidney Sussex College Cambridge. Cambridge University Pitt Press Series.

* *The Church of England: an Historical Sketch*. By Charles E. Savery, M.S.A. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1888.

notes. These objections, however, apply to all compendia, and we think that Mr. Colson's is a very good specimen of that genus.

The Republic of Plato, Book X., by B. D. Turner, M.A., belongs to a very different category to the foregoing manual. It is just the book for one or two studious youths to read with a good private tutor in the Long Vacation before going up for their first term at the University. Although Dr. Jowett discourages the premature study of philosophy, still, sooner or later, as Mr. Turner well observes, "the higher classical education leads those who follow after it into the loftier regions of metaphysics, where a guide, or, in the last resource, a guide-book, is indispensable. It is in the latter humble capacity," he modestly adds, "that this book offers itself; for so wide is the ground covered by Platonic literature that, undirected, the explorer may soon lose himself. Nor is the Editor acquainted with any other book which definitely proposes to help the beginner." Perhaps Grote's *Plato* may be thought somewhat too far "advanced" for mere beginners; but, on the other hand, a boy should not be given Plato's philosophical works to read until he is able to read Greek with comparative ease, and until he is old enough to comprehend the simpler problems of metaphysics. Even apart from philosophy, he cannot read the Tenth Book of the *Republic*, and the beautiful myth with which it closes, without pleasure and profit; and Mr. Turner deserves thanks for having supplied it to the present generation of students in so accessible a form.

Lucretius, Book V., by J. D. Duff, M.A., is one of the volumes for which the Cambridge University Press is responsible. Mr. Duff has thrown himself heart and soul into his work, even supplying a drawing of a "celestial sphere," in accordance with the dictum of Quintilian that "if we do not understand astronomy, we shall not be able to understand the poets." We do not know for what class of readers he intends his list of coincidences between Lucretius and Virgil, and his comparison between the two poets. Surely those who have Virgil sufficiently at their fingers' ends to appreciate these parallels will not care to read only one book of Lucretius's famous poem. For beginners, however, Mr. Duff's notes seem to explain every difficulty; they are supplied from time to time with short abstracts of the argument, and are told when to admire and when to be critical. Perhaps they would learn more Latin if they were left more to puzzle out for themselves; but they might possibly retort that their object is not to learn Latin, but to pass examinations in it, and Mr. Duff's book will help them to do this also, though it might, if they were willing, lead them to do much more. One more reflection occurs to us. In these latter days, when every "set subject" is carefully edited in one of these University Press Series manuals, with everything which English or German erudition can possibly say about every line of the text carefully collected, and when every undergraduate possesses a copy thereof, how can any college lecturer find anything to say to his class which they have not already got in their notes? It seems as though Dr. Johnson's question, "Sir, what is there which a man can hear in a lecture which he cannot more conveniently read in a book?" would soon be answered by the extinction of the classical lecturer, and that by his own works; "he flegged the pinion which impelled the steel"; the books which he persistently edits, with every conceivable help, annotation, and explanation of Greek and Latin writers, must tend to discount the value of oral teaching, except as a part of college discipline and as a means of forcing lazy men to spend a certain number of hours a week in the company of their books.

Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh's *Herodotus*, VI. is an excellent Little Go "crib," or rather "help," for the "Pitt Press Series" eschews translations. The point in which it differs from most of its kind is in the pains which have been bestowed on the geography of the subject, these being a map of the *Ægean Sea* and a plan of the battlefield of Marathon, as well as a most valuable and suggestive geographical and historical index, which, if properly studied, will do more to produce an intelligent appreciation of Herodotus's story, and of Greek affairs in general, than any amount of dissertation on the Ionic dialect. We regret that Mr. Shuckburgh should have thought it necessary to adopt a new and most distressing variety of the "Grotesque" method of spelling Greek names. To write of "Skythians" appears to our old-fashioned ideas a mere outrage; while, far from carrying out his theory completely, he does not hesitate to print such hybrid forms as "Thrasymbulos" and "Pirene." We wonder how he would spell "Phœbus."

In *Homer's Odyssey*, Book X., Mr. G. M. Edwards wisely disregards geography, quoting Grote's dictum:—"In the present advanced state of geographical knowledge, the story of the man who, after reading *Gulliver's Travels*, went to look in his map for Lilliput, appears an absurdity; but those who fixed the exact locality of the rocks of the Sirens or the floating island of *Æolus* did much the same" (Grote, vol. i. p. 240). *En revanche*, he appears to have taken all grammar to be his province, and he displays a wealth of learning and a knowledge of hard words and strange languages, from Indo-European to Old Irish, which is worthy of Dr. Postgate himself. Homeric philology is, no doubt, an attractive subject to all scholars; but, considering the class of readers for which these books are designed, we fear that much of Mr. Edwards's erudition has been displayed to no purpose. An unhappy tiro is likely to feel emotions akin to despair when he discovers that twenty-one and a half pages of Greek text require one hundred and fourteen pages of commentary; and

that, too, in a professedly elementary work. Nor should it be forgotten in compiling books of this sort that schoolboys and undergraduates in their first year have to learn the language of grammarians as well as Greek or Latin, and do not, as a rule, know the meaning of "gnomic," "proleptic," "parataxis," "hypotaxis," "chiasmus," "tmesis," "apocope," "the law of dissimilation," "anacolutha," "epexegetis," "epanalepsis," "synzesis," and so forth. Instead of assisting them to understand the text, such words merely explain *ignotum per ignotius*, and add to the bewilderment of the learner. No doubt they are the recognized and convenient technical terms for certain grammatical usages; but learners can generally understand the text well enough without them if they look out all the words they do not know and find the nominative and the verb in the old-fashioned way. On the other hand, real students of Homer will be delighted with Mr. Edwards's book, for he never leaves any difficulty unexplained, though his explanation is sometimes excessively erudite. Although it looks alarming to learners, the book will be thoroughly appreciated by teachers.

A CHURCH HISTORY.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Knight declares that he has endeavoured "to gather together all that is interesting and essential" in his *Concise History of the Church*, his sole object in writing seems to have been to attack the Church of Rome. His book is silly and violent, and its general character may be inferred from his remarks on the career of Hildebrand, whom he believes to have taken the title of Gregory VIII. "Alas! of what avail are all these barren and posthumous honours, if his name is not found written in the Book of Life? What are the empty adulations of men, if the great Churchman is now wailing with the damned in hell?" Innocent III. was "unexcelled for his wickedness"; he "ruined the domestic happiness of Philip Augustus" by asserting the sanctity of marriage, and espousing the cause of an injured and helpless wife. For some reason, which we do not pretend to understand, Mr. Knight thinks that the history of Western Christendom has some connexion with the "Churches in Asia," mentioned in the Revelations, and in a chapter on the "Dawn of the Thyatira Period" says that, although the massacre of the monks of Bangor is "shrouded in mystery"—many events appear mysterious to the ignorant—"we will gladly hope" that Augustine, who died nine years before, did not "connive at the bloody deed." Mr. Knight has very little acquaintance with the subject on which he has chosen to write, and has seemingly crammed for the purpose of his book. His list of authorities for the middle ages is suggestive. After one or two respectable authors, such as Hallam, whose volumes he has read with singularly little profit, and Fleury—we wonder what he knows of the *Institutions*—he goes on with Keightley and Jane Wiliams, whoever that lady may be. In a book so generally silly mere blunders about matters of fact are scarcely worth notice; still, if a man sets up to instruct others as to the history of the Crusades, he ought to learn enough about it to prevent him from saying that Louis IX. died in Palestine, and that his body was left there.

BUDDHISM.†

BUDDHISM of both sorts has been rather fashionable lately. The Buddhism which is no Buddhism, and which is called "Esoteric" because Mr. Sinnett tells all the world all about it, had its little innings. Neither merry nor long was that innings, and probably the believers in Mahatmas have now turned their great gifts for credulity into some other channel. When belief is so common, what a pity it is that we cannot economize and direct it, as water is managed by a system of irrigation! No mental engineering of this kind has yet become practicable, and the waters of belief trickle here and there, wasting themselves in sands and the lava ashes of extinct religious volcanoes. The other kind of Buddhism, the pessimistic theory of life, and the optimistic theory of conduct and its results, has also recommended itself to advanced ladies. People of the cheapest possible culture find Christianity not excellent enough, or too familiar and commonplace, for them, and they cast yearning glances on Buddhism. The Buddha did not assert that he was supernatural; he did not even insist on the theological minimum of a God; and yet he spoke wisely, and in the street, too. Therefore advanced ladies read the *Light of Asia* (which they attribute to Mr. Matthew Arnold), and they have some idea of bringing up their offspring on an eclectic blend of Buddhism and theological novels.

If any of the outside admirers of Buddhism as a cheap and elegant substitute for family prayers read Sir Monier Williams's Duff Lectures, they will probably call Sir Monier a Philistine. Even to ourselves he seems too fond of "contrasting" some puerility of the Indian mind with passages from the Gospel. In religious matters the Indian mind reached its second childhood almost in the Vedas. Long infantile rigmoroles about numbers, tedious attempts to make the multiplication-table do duty for

* *A Concise History of the Church from the Apostolic Era to the Establishment of the Reformation.* By Alfred E. Knight. London: Partridge & Co.

† *Buddhism.* By Sir Monier Williams, K.C.I.E. London: John Murray. 1889.

imagination; visions of gold, and rubies, and then more rubies; credulity about conjurers, and belief in Yogis—these absurdities pervade the vaunted religious speculations of India. There are in the Indian, as in other creeds, abundance of good moral maxims, of excellent metaphysics, of lofty and noble thoughts. But these have to be disengaged from a rubbish-heap of savage survival, of the anecdotes and babble of sacerdotalism. If you take all the good of Buddhism, and suppress the tasteless and unimaginative nonsense and the silly sentiment, you get a fairly excellent morality. But you can do more by taking all that is good in Aztec religion, and suppressing the nightmares of its mythology and the horrors of its ritual. We venture to allege that out of the Aztec hymns, prayers, and sermons collected by Sahagun soon after the conquest, a body of moral teaching may be extracted which is as valuable as anything in Buddhism. Clever ladies, indeed, may be recommended to try Tezcatlipocism if their other little religious playthings are broken or have become a weariness. The truth as it was in Tezcatlipoca, or in Pachacamac, or in Ra, was an excellent truth, when all the nonsense and cruelty were stripped off. This can easily be done by any amateur divine, man, woman, or intellectual infant. Hence Buddhism need not alone attract the faithless, and Sir Monier Williams might be less anxious than he is to show that it is not really on the same religious plane as Christianity.

Sir Monier's book, as he says, is not picturesque; but it is extremely lucid, with a kind of hard, unsentimental sense, which Buddhophiles are not likely to enjoy. He reminds them that "The Buddhist's perfection is destruction." Now perhaps very few British Buddhists believe in the metempsychosis (or in anything else), and they have a much easier mode of reaching perfect destruction than Buddhism allows. But, as Sir Monier shows, Buddhism is a perfect Proteus. It is a religion of the lower vitality, and, therefore, like some animals of low vitality, it will permit any amount of hacking and hewing, any amount of change, and still will be Buddhism, or will call itself Buddhism:—

Starting from a very simple proposition, which can only be described as an exaggerated truism—the truism, I mean, that all life involves sorrow, and that all sorrow results from indulging desires which ought to be suppressed—it has branched out into a vast number of complicated and self-contradicted propositions and allegations. Its teaching has become both positive and negative, agnostic and gnostic. It passes from apparent atheism and materialism to theism, polytheism, and spiritualism. It is under one aspect mere pessimism; under another pure philanthropy; under another monastic communism; under another high morality; . . . under another simple demology; under another a mere farrago of superstitions, including necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and fetishism.

Thus Buddhism does not lack attractions. It is a kind of lucky bag in which you can choose what you like, magic, morality, or the mere "gummidging" of popular pessimism. You may say, "Life is a bad job; let us make it worse. Never let us enjoy ourselves." Scott put pessimistic Buddhism and Quietism into verse when he wrote—

Look not thou on Beauty's charming,
Sit thou still when kings are arming,
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,
Speak not when the people listens,
Stop thine ear against the singer,
From the red gold keep thy finger,
Vacant heart and hand and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

Persons who dislike that form of Buddhism may take up with its acknowledged philanthropy, and may adopt that form of charity which consists in living on the alms of other people. The true Buddhist, who wants to be an Arhat and perfect and an heir of Nirvana, must have no money of his own, and in the present state of society must live on that of other people. Like the Buddha, or Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he must choose "the Great Going Forth from Home," and must desert his wife and family. Yet, again, the Buddhist doctrine very strongly proclaims and praises the domestic virtues. "The succouring of father and mother, the cherishing of child and wife, the following of a peaceful calling, this is the greatest blessing." "There is a treasure laid up in the heart—a treasure of charity, purity, temperance, soberness; a treasure that no thief can steal." In such passages from the *Dharma-pava*, Buddhism is human and divine, accessible and reasonable. Yet to imitate the Buddha, to strive for Nirvana, if all the world strove, would simply mean the voluntary destruction of the whole race. As the German pessimist saw, woman would never stand it, and Buddhism is impossible in its fundamental idea. Being eternally impossible and eternally attractive, it has permitted itself to be manipulated and altered in every conceivable way. It has become theistic and polytheistic, it has been organized into Lamaism, and it has been mixed up with hypnotism, or mesmerism, or glamour, or whatever we are to call the method of its unprofitable miracles. In India, as Sir Monier Williams shows, Buddhism has not so much been killed as absorbed and assimilated with almost every other religion which possessed more character and strength of personality.

As to the miracles of "Esoteric Buddhism," Sir Monier Williams gives a very uncertain sound. If he was not going to investigate the subject, he might as well have left it alone. The existence of the "Mahatmas" in Thibet "is declared to be a fact." Declared by whom? By Col. Alcott and Mr. Sinnett? "I believe that the Psychical Society once sent delegates to India who inquired into this subject, and exposed the absurdity of some of

the alleged phenomena." It would have been easy to discover whether the Society did or did not send delegates. Sir Monier solemnly remarks, "it is clear that the possibility of acquiring supernatural faculties is not an idea confined to one country."

We should rather say it was not; but, just as he touches anthropology, the lecturer escapes in such pompous and vacant truisms as this. The Indian conjuring feats are really interesting. Sir Monier Williams quoted the *Asiatic Monthly Journal* (March, 1829) for a Brahman who poised (apparently) in the air for forty minutes, before the Governor of Madras. Mr. Seton-Karr is referred to as a witness of a similar feat. "A juggler sat on three sticks put together to form a tripod. These were removed, one by one, and the man remained sitting in the air." This is identical with the trick of mesmerizing a woman, and laying her recumbent on the air, supported only by one sword point at her elbow. Is it necessary to add that the method of these tricks is perfectly well known to experts? Sir Monier only decides that "practices connected with spiritualism, mesmerism, animal magnetism, telepathy, clairvoyance, thought-reading, &c., have their counterparts in the Yoga system prevailing in India more than two thousand years ago, and in the practices of mystical Buddhism prevalent in Thibet and the adjacent countries for many centuries." And he quotes Solomon and Mr. Walter Besant. This is incomplete and inconclusive.

The chapter on the Buddha's private history is interesting. Sir Monier might have noted the resemblance between the imprints of the Buddha's body on rocks and those of Quetzalcoatl in Mexico. But only a very wild archæologist would recognize a Buddhist missionary in Quetzalcoatl. The account of Buddhism in Thibet, with all its hierarchy, and the strange laws for the choosing of new Lamas, is full of interest. And so is the Buddhist folklore, of which many examples are given. Perhaps it was hardly necessary to tell the improbable tale that the Buddha ended, where Swedenborg began, by a surfeit of pork chops! The essay on Nirvana is written with much fairness, and perhaps Sir Monier Williams's jelly-fish in warm seas is as near an illustration of Nirvana as the Platonic oyster, dear to Charles Kingsley. But the jelly-fish has already explained to the poet,

I have not a sensorium,
And that is where it is.

We have *sensoria*, and that makes Nirvana so difficult; while we may doubt if it be worth going through so much to gain so little.

THE EARLIER HISTORY OF ENGLISH BOOKSELLING.*

MR. WILLIAM ROBERTS, whose name on a title-page is unfamiliar to us, but who, if we mistake not, has been for some time an industrious contributor to more than one bibliographical periodical, opens a new and hitherto not overworked field in essaying the history of bookselling. It is not that the subject has never been treated before. Charles Knight's *Shadows of the Old Booksellers*—always interesting, but now, in the strong light which, of late years, has been thrown upon literary dark- corners, a little antiquated and *arriéré*—and Curwen's *History of Booksellers* will at once recur to mind. But among the many subjects which in these modern days have to be done again, as fifty years hence they will probably have to be done once more, the history of bookselling, and especially the history of book-selling in the earlier half of the last century, cannot be overlooked. An immense contribution to the records of the subject has been made by *Notes and Queries* and other cognate publications; more than one of the principal figures have been minutely studied by specialists, and the many students of the eighteenth century are beginning to find out (as Mr. Roberts has apparently found out) that the advertisement sheets of the *Post Boys*, *Courants*, *Public Ledgers*, *London Chronicles*, and the rest, contain a mine of information upon many contemporary subjects, but especially upon books and their stories. The chief difficulty of the theme is to make it readable, since it must of necessity deal much with lists and names and numbers. But the thing is to be done; for has not the author of *L'esprit des autres* managed to coax into a sequent narrative a dictionary of quotations?

Mr. Roberts, though scarcely so skilful a workman as M. Edouard Fournier, has upon the whole fairly escaped the charge of making a catalogue under false pretences. In his earlier chapters he gossips pleasantly enough about bookselling before printing, Caxton, Richard of Bury (of whose *Philobiblon*, by the way, there have recently been two sumptuous editions), the Stationers' Company, Barnabe Googe, his rare *Eglogs*, *Epytaphs and Sonettes*, Shakspeare's quartos, Heminge and Condell, and many other things whereof discourse is pleasant to the book-lover. It is a merry jest he tells us of M. la Mothe le Vayer which shows how that iron philosopher, to whom, on the death of his son, Molière addressed a noble sonnet, had, in his unbereaved moments, a keen eye for the main chance, and a fertile brain. For of M. le Vayer Mr. Roberts relates incidentally that, being informed by his bookseller of the slow sale of one of his works, he replied to this announcement that he knew of a secret to quicken the sale, and thereupon procured an order by the Government for the book's suppression, upon which, as a matter of course, the whole impression went off rapidly. In a later chapter Mr. Roberts quotes

* *The Earlier History of English Bookselling*. By William Roberts London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

from Nash a graphic little vignette of a Shakspearean bookseller, which has an air of having been drawn *ad vivum*.

If [he says] I were to paint Sloth . . . by St. John the Evangelist, I swear that I would draw it like a stationer that I know, with his thumb under his girdle, who, if a man comes to his stall to ask him for a book, never stirs his head, or looks upon him, but stands stone still, and speaks not a word, only with his little finger points backward to his boy, who must be his interpreter; and so all the day, gaping like a dumb image, he sits without motion, except at such times as he goes to dinner or supper, for then he is as quick as other three, eating six times a day.

Other chapters deal with "Bookselling in the Seventeenth Century," "Bookselling in Little Britain," "Bookselling on London Bridge," and so forth. But the last chapters, which are devoted to Lintot, the Tonsons, Curll, Dunton, and Guy, are the most attractive part of the book, more from the nature of the subject than from any superiority of treatment on the writer's part—for Mr. Roberts, although he permits himself to say that a "work was purported to be," and allows Mr. Thoms to say what Pope does not say—namely,

Ear-ress on high, stood pillory'd Defoe—

does his work, in the main, well and carefully.

Of the five sketches above mentioned, the longest and most interesting concerns the notorious Curll. That Mr. Roberts, as indeed he admits, has been largely indebted to the labours of the late Mr. Edward Solly, and the *Stray Notes on the Life and Publications of Edmund Curll*, reprinted by Mr. W. J. Thoms from *Notes and Queries* in 1879, is self-evident. But Mr. Thoms's little pamphlet is rare in its reprinted form; and Curll and his "chaste press," and his translators "three in a bed at the 'Pewter Platter,'" in Holborn; his quarrels with Pope and his connexion with that poet's correspondence; his punishment at the hands of the incensed Westminster scholars; his extraordinary and scandalous publications, and all the chequered chronicle of his entirely disreputable career, furnish forth the materials for an excellent chapter. John Dunton (who had this in common with Newton and Mme. de Genlis, that he began life by being small enough to go into a quart pot) is perhaps the most picturesque figure next to poor "goggle-eyed, splay-footed, and baker-kneed" Edmund Curll. Dunton's curious matrimonial experiences with his wives "Iris" and "Valeria," his crack-brained pamphlets, his *Athenian Gazette*, and his *Life and Errors*, almost demand a larger canvas than Mr. Roberts has been able to allot to them. Beside these two, "left-legged" Jacob Tonson and the enterprising Bernard Lintot seem more respectable than usual; while the philanthropic Guy grows almost tame. We observe with pleasure that Mr. Roberts proposes to return to this subject; and, though he does not distinctly promise it, we shall hope for some more old booksellers. Griffiths and John Newbery, Tom Davies and Dodsley, should prove to the full as attractive as any members of his present gallery.

FOUR MEDICAL BOOKS.*

THIS collection of essays on medical subjects by Dr. Gairdner is highly instructive. His long experience as a teacher and practitioner of the art and science of medicine, combined with an acute intellect and absolute honesty of purpose, render his utterances worthy of note. He never loses sight of the fact that our knowledge of the subjects of which he treats is progressive, and hence avoids the dogmatism which too often pervades scientific as well as theological teaching. The first paper was read as the Presidential Address to the British Medical Association in 1888, and is entitled "The Physician as Naturalist." It is shown how, in the middle ages, the physician was quite unworthy of his title; so far from being a student of nature, he was bound hand and foot by traditions which he blindly accepted. Dr. Gairdner is of opinion that the physical sciences have not yet assumed as prominent a position in medical education as they deserve and must ultimately occupy. The second paper was read as the address in medicine before the British Medical Association in 1887. In it the question "Has the Art of Medicine advanced during the last Hundred Years?" is answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative, and the reasons for this confident answer are set forth. Papers III. and VI. (read in 1864 and 1868 respectively) deal with the question of the administration of alcohol in acute disease. The author adopts the proverbially safe *via media* between the fanaticism of the total-abstinence men and the blind faith of the high stimulationists. He would, however, be the first to recognize that Dr. Todd has been a benefactor to the human race by rescuing the fever-stricken from starvation and the lancet, and that his excessive reaction in the direction of administering alcohol may be readily understood and condoned. Typhus fever is the subject of the fourth and fifth essays. It is interesting to note that this disease, which was the fever thirty years ago, has now become so rare that many young physicians have never seen a case of it. "Mind and Body" is the theme of the address to

* *The Physician as Naturalist*. By W. T. Gairdner, M.D., LL.D. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons.

The Causation of Disease. By Harry Campbell, M.D., B.S. London: H. K. Lewis.

What Must I Do to Get Well? By E. Stuart. London: Sampson Low & Co.

A Text-Book of Medical Jurisprudence for India. By I. B. Lyon, F.C.S., F.I.C. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co.

the Medico-Psychological Association, Glasgow, in 1882. The author enters a manly protest against narrow specialism, and urges that the improvement in the treatment of disease of the mind has advanced *pari passu* with that in dealing with bodily disease. Paper VIII. discusses sanitary science and preventive medicine, and IX. is on the "Progress of Pathological Science," especially with reference to the influence exercised upon it by John Baptist Morgagni. Paper X. is an essay on Homoeopathy. The untenableness of the principles on which Hahnemann founded his system is ably exposed, and the fallacy of his conclusions, even were it possible to grant his data, is clearly demonstrated. Paper XI. is an extract from an Introductory Address delivered at the University of Glasgow in 1866 on "The Present Aspect of Medical Science," and XII. is a short memoir of the life of the late Dr. Alison.

The subject upon which Dr. Campbell writes is one of high complexity and difficulty, demanding for its intelligent consideration an intimate knowledge of biology (including physiology and pathology), physics, and chemistry. Philosophy and the psychological side of the question he wisely lets alone, as far as possible, and limits his inquiry to what we are in the habit of calling the material conditions of disease. We must demur to his assumption (in chapter i.) of the ultimate and undecomposable character of the so-called elements as not borne out by recent chemical researches. The definition of the "cause of any particular effect" as "the sum of those material conditions from which that effect has necessarily followed" may be allowed as a useful working one, though, as pointed out by the author, it is incomplete. The description of the simplest form of life as the interaction between a protoplasmic cell and its environments appears to us a good one; as also that of disease as a disturbance of the normal character of this interaction, this disturbance being liable to arise from modification of cell-structure, or of environment, or of both. The modification of structure may be brought about primarily by heredity or secondarily by altered environment. That of environment may be induced, in a multicellular organism, by local change taking place in some portion of the said organism or by altered external conditions. Hence, "in studying a disease in a multicellular organism, our object should be to discover the tissue primarily affected, and the exact nature of the morbid environment, and to assign to each, as far as possible, its exact share in causation." Having done this, "it is our next business to trace out the several secondary morbid interactions—those, namely, due to secondary malenvironments—and to place in its proper order each of the many links of the morbid chain." The foregoing well describes the truly scientific method of investigating diseased conditions and their causes. Unfortunately, the present state of our knowledge only enables us to carry it out in a limited number of tolerably simple cases. The second part of the book is devoted to the consideration of the effect of environment, natural selection (survival of the fittest), and sexual selection upon structure. We entirely agree with Dr. Campbell when he says that "it is impossible to regard disease as a separate entity." The essence of the departure from health consists, not of the agent which may have set it up, as cold, poison, bacilli, tapeworm, but of the changes which it gives rise to in the interaction between the structure and its environment. The author illustrates his theory of the causation of disease by a chapter on cancer, which he believes to be due to a specific bacterium acting on a faulty organism which affords a suitable soil for its growth.

The writer of *What Must I Do to Get Well?* is one of that rather numerous class of well-meaning, but somewhat reckless, persons who, having received, or believing they have received, much benefit from some particular drug or line of treatment, straightway recommend the adoption of it by all their ailing friends. They entirely ignore the fact that the knowledge which alone could enable them to judge whether their pet drug or line of treatment may be adapted to the cases of their friends is wanting to them, and can only be gained by long and arduous study, combined with ample and well-utilized opportunities for observation. The beautiful simplicity of the "Salisbury System" (as described by the author) is certainly attractive. The theory appears to be that "all diseases not caused by accidents, poisons, or infections, emanate from unhealthy alimentation," and from this it is illogically argued that similar treatment is applicable to "all kinds and all stages of illness." It, of course, would not follow that a disease, even if it had undoubtedly originated in faulty alimentation, could be successfully treated in all its stages by suitable diet and hot water. The system resolves itself into drinking four pints of hot water daily and taking nothing but minced beef as food. The delightful part of this is that it does away with the necessity for making an exact diagnosis, with the difficulty and worry involved in it, and also for the anxious thought expended on working out the most appropriate treatment. In this lady's opinion, Dr. Salisbury is the only physician in the world worthy of the title, the remainder being either fools who do not believe in his "system" or knaves who do but will not admit it. Like most people of one idea, Mrs. (or Miss) Stuart is especially wrath with those who have one other idea of a different nature; hence she heaps the greatest ridicule on the vegetarians. Unsound as we believe the doctrines of these latter to be, we are disposed to think they have as much to recommend them as those to which the author has pinned her faith. In concluding this notice, we will quote a few lines illustrative of the style of argument made use of in this book. In speaking

of some of the objections urged against the adoption of the "Salisbury System," the author puts the following rather pertinent remark in the mouth of a friend:—"Ah, I dare say the treatment did you good; but my case is quite different." And the answer is:—"First prove that your illness in its origin did differ from mine." We should certainly have thought that the *onus probandi* lay with the apostle of the new doctrine.

The treatise on *Medical Jurisprudence for India*, by Mr. Lyon, is an excellent text-book for students, and a useful work of reference for practitioners. The subject is exhaustively treated, the information is concisely put, and there is a pleasing absence of "padding." The illustrations are among the most beautiful and accurate that we have seen in a book of this kind. The trustworthiness of the legal matter has been ensured by its submission to the revision of an able barrister.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY the death of M. Edmond Scherer France has lost her most eminent literary critic (if age and accomplishment be taken together), a politician of a stamp not perhaps the most effective, but still that would be much missed, and a characteristic, though hardly characteristically French, figure. Like his friend Mr. Matthew Arnold, who gave him handsome testimonials to the English reader, M. Scherer was a theologian as well as a politician and a literary critic; but in the two first of these departments he was much less of an amateur than Mr. Arnold. After reading for various professions, he settled down, being then thirty years old (he was born in April of the Waterloo year, and, despite his German or Alsatian name, was a native of Paris), at Geneva as Professor of Biblical Exegesis, and held the office for five years, relinquishing it in 1850 because of the growing rationalism of his opinions, which he explained in a pamphlet. We do not think that before this M. Scherer had meddled much with literary criticism or general journalism, though he had written much on theological subjects. The Swiss-French Protestant school, however, as represented especially by his friend Vinet, had a strong literary bent, and M. Scherer was assisted by better knowledge both of German and English than most of the Frenchmen of his day possessed. He had lived in England as a young man, and had married an English lady; he contributed later to the *Daily News*, and we have heard a story of the question being asked, when quite recently he was in a London drawing-room, "Who is that Scotch clergyman?" Almost the whole of his later work was given (except during a brief period of secession) to the well-known journal *Le Temps*, to which he contributed political articles for many years and literary articles for a still longer period—these latter, according to French habits, being from time to time collected. He also wrote one or two independent works of the same class (such as a study of the letters of Grimm to Catherine II., which led him to take a much more favourable view of "Tyran le Blanc" than most previous critics), and some striking political pamphlets. One of these last, which was noticed here two or three years ago, took a very gloomy view of universal suffrage. Yet in this and in M. Scherer's political work generally the weakness which has marred a whole school of French political thought from Mme. de Staël downwards appeared—the weakness of opposing monarchical and aristocratic government and yet deploring the defects which only monarchical and aristocratic government can cure. He had taken part in politics for the best part of twenty years before his death, and had since 1875 been a senator for life. But he rarely spoke, and never took any active part in party measures or in the struggles for office, while he also held much aloof from ordinary literary rivalry. His literary criticism was at once curiously like and curiously unlike his friend Mr. Arnold's. No one could accuse it of being whimsical, as Mr. Arnold's often was, and it had neither the defects nor the merits of Mr. Arnold's quips and cranks, his airs and graces. But M. Scherer resembled Mr. Arnold not only in his dislike of dogma, but in being somewhat deficient in catholicity—not at all in the sense that he was a Protestant—and in having a kind of horror of lawlessness in literature. Though creditably familiar with English literature, he could not quite stomach Shakspeare; in his own language he found constant difficulties in the appreciation of Molière. And when his subjects dropped from these high levels and were second-rate or seventh-rate authors, M. Scherer's judgments on them were even more tinged by his predilections for academic correctness, for moral propriety, and for the generally accepted, decent, and becoming. Yet in his own sphere, which was by no means a narrow one, he was a very acute and a very valuable critic. He did not, for instance, let his personal friendship for Amiel interfere with some excellent criticism on poetical translation when the lugubrious Genevese made one of his rare excursions outside the seventeen thousand pages of diary; and in general it may be said that when he was at all in touch with his subject M. Scherer's criticism was never a negligible quantity. Occasionally, as in the case of Baudelaire, he got into countries which he did not know, where the language was strange to him, where the manners seemed none, and the customs disgusting, and then he was, naturally, not of much use as a guide. But his wide literary information, his clear, if somewhat rigid and occasionally almost pedantic, judgment, and, above all, the unflinching quality of his verdicts (for he never "transacted" and had the fearless-

ness of his severity and the precision of his limits), made him a really valuable corrective and referee in the midst of the shoal of impressionists and epigram-mongers.

We may call attention, especially as we are dealing with obituaries, to a very useful and well-edited publication which, though it has existed for more than ten years, is not, we think, much known in England, the *Tablettes biographiques* of M. A. Berthon (Paris: 10 Rue Cogniet), which publishes numbers occasionally, and a volume every two years. A part containing a very well-executed notice of the late Sir Frederick Pollock is before us.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SOME modern aspects of an old controversy are revived and treated with considerable ingenuity in Mr. F. R. Wegg-Prosser's *Galileo and his Judges* (Chapman & Hall), a book that deals with the value of the decrees pronounced against Galileo and the Copernican theories, with special reference to contemporary opinion. The author, writing as a "lay theologian," contends that the ecclesiastical censures of Galileo were not dogmatic decisions, but disciplinary enactments, and supply no basis whatever for impugning the doctrinal infallibility of the Catholic Church. In the same spirit, treating of a recent work on the subject by the Rev. W. W. Roberts, which has gained the support of Professor Mivart, he argues that the Bull of Pope Alexander VII., known as the Bull "Speculatores" of 1664, which embodied the old decrees of 1616, was not intended to be dogmatic, but belongs to the "disciplinary" category of Bulls. From this point Mr. Wegg-Prosser proceeds to discuss what should have been the conduct of contemporary Catholics who were addicted to scientific pursuits, and other not less delicate matters that are suggested by this difficult question. To men of science who are also Catholics the decrees of the Congregation and of the Inquisition against Galileo and the Copernican theories may naturally appear to possess a less simple significance than they offer to the majority of scientific men. Those who cannot accept Mr. Wegg-Prosser's view of the right of the Church to restrain speculative science must be profoundly indifferent to any discussions on the interpretation of Papal edicts against scientific theories and the real aims of those who framed the Index of prohibited books.

The Rev. J. Verschoyle's *History of Ancient Civilization* (Chapman & Hall), an historical handbook for "advanced classes in schools," is based on M. Ducoudray's *Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation*, though by no means a mere translation, for the writings of Grote, Mommsen, Layard, Rawlinson, and others are freely drawn upon in the sections that summarize the literature and arts of Greece, Rome, Assyria, Egypt, and so forth. Mr. Verschoyle's compilation is fairly well proportioned, considering its comprehensive scheme, and is not an unskilful specimen of epitome. The text is also illustrated by a large number of good woodcuts. The scope of the book, however, is far too extensive, and the necessity for vigorous condensation has resulted in congestion in some sections and baldness in others.

For the contemplative man's recreation nothing can be more timely than *The Book of Sun-Dials*, collected by Mrs. Alfred Gatty (Bell & Sons), of which we have a new and enlarged edition by H. K. F. Gatty and Eleanor Lloyd, with a very interesting treatise on the construction of dials by W. Richardson. The mere mention of sun-dials calls up delightful pictures of old mansions, old churches, or almshouses, or terraced gardens—who loves a garden loves a sun-dial too—and the late Mrs. Gatty's charming volume is a gallery of pleasant pictures and quaint devices, as well as a storehouse of curious information. Satisfactory is the assurance, given more than once in the long catalogue of notable mottoes and dials, that sun-dials are yet constructed and not at all likely to go the way of water-clocks, orreries, hour-glasses, and such pretty antiques. It would be interesting to know if sun-dials in England have suffered much from iconoclasts. Did the Company of Clockmakers, for instance, moved by a paltry self-interest, destroy many old dials in the exercise of their commission to break up "all bad and deceitful works"?

With Carlyle's work to be had for a shilling or two, there can be no call for an abstract of French revolutionary history for the great uninformed who may visit the Paris Exhibition this century of revolution. On other grounds, however, Mr. F. Bayford Harrison's *Contemporary History of the French Revolution* (Rivingtons) is a superfluous piece of bookmaking. It is compiled from the *Annual Register*—an odd authority for the historian—and professes to give nothing but what is essential, to alter nothing but "obvious errors," and to add only "necessary and explanatory matter." This liberal promise is quite unfulfilled. On p. 174 we have the amazing statement that "Thomas Payne" (*sic*) was executed during the Reign of Terror. The romance of history suffers quite as much from Mr. Harrison's treatment as the bare facts. He says nothing of Paine's singular survival of Robespierre's fall, his fifteen subsequent years, his death in America, and the curious story, celebrated in Byron's epigram, of Cobbett's supposed disinterment of his bones. In brief, the inconceivable feat of producing a dull book on the French Revolution must be credited to Mr. F. Bayford Harrison.

To illustrate the mischievous effects of "payment by results"

in education, and the prevalence of sectarianism in gallant little Wales, Mr. T. Marchant Williams has written a sensational story—*The Land of My Fathers* (Longmans & Co.)—that lacks not colour and movement. The writer's aims may be said to justify, if anything may, "the story with a purpose," though good fiction is seldom wedded to the purpose. Amusing, if a little grotesque, is an account of a school inspection, and painfully like life is the description of an Eisteddfod. The characters are genuine patriotic products. There are sundry virtuous and priggish Dissenters. There is a tipling vicar who falls into a river and is drowned after dining too well with the villain of the story, who is obviously a Saxon and, of course, a supporter of the Established Church. With all this, it was considerate in the author to point out that this edifying story deals with "recognized principles," not with "recognizable individuals."

Recognizable are some of the characters, of varied callings, in the lively pages of Mr. Joseph Hatton's *The Gay World* (Blackett), of which we have a new edition.

Bella-Demonia, by the late Mme. Dolaro (H. J. Drane), is an uncommonly clever story, a really brilliant performance in the sensational line, overbrimming with incident, exciting, novel, ingenious, and in all respects persuasively presented. Following the fortunes of the heroine, you think nothing of probabilities, so absorbing is the interest aroused. When the Russian Princess undergoes the richest and strangest metamorphoses, all you care to inquire is "Who is she going to turn out to be next?" as the young American lady says at the climax. The talents of the late Mme. Dolaro were clearly not exhaustively illustrated on the operatic stage.

Mr. Charles Cattermole, R.L., and Mr. Bernard Partridge have produced an attractive pictorial record in the *Souvenir of Macbeth at the Lyceum Theatre* (Cassell & Co.).

Florio's *Montaigne*, edited by Mr. J. H. McCarthy (David Stott), in two neat little volumes of good clear type, and prettily bound, forms the first of a new series of reprints, styled "The Stott Library."

The new volume of the "Camelot Series" comprises Landor's *Pentameron, and other Imaginary Conversations* (Walter Scott), with a brief note of introduction by Mr. Havelock Ellis.

In "Routledge's Pocket Library" we have the second series of *The Ingoldsby Legends*.

British Political Oratory, edited by T. Evan Jacob (Reeve & Co.), is the first volume of yet another "Library" in pocket form—the "Victoria"—and contains speeches by Grattan, Pitt, Peel, Bright, Jones (?), and Gladstone—to cite the table of contents.

We have received *A Complete Course of Volapük*, by I. Henry Harrison (Hachette); *Reminiscences of Two Exiles and Two Wars*, by F. W. Newman (Kegan Paul & Co.); *The Religion of Humanity*, an Address delivered at the Church Congress, 1888, by the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, LL.D. (Edinburgh: Douglas); *The Lctionary of 1871*, by the Rev. C. H. Davis, M.A. (Elliot Stock); *Democracy not suited to India*, by the Rajah of Bhinga (Tribner); *The Journal of American Folk-lore*, No. III. (Boston: Houghton & Co.); *The Characteristics of Genius*, by Charles Gibson, M.D. (Walter Scott); *The Ethics of Socialism*, by Ernest Belfort Bax (Sonnenschein); *Is One Religion as Good as Another?* by the Rev. John MacLaughlin, new edition (Burns & Oates); *Advent and Christmas Sermons*, by the Rev. John Crofts (Skeffington); *Perfect Peace* (Wells Gardner & Co.); *Our Passover*, by Austin Clare (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Some Features of Modern Romanism* (S.P.C.K.); *Jesus Christ, the Divine Man*, by the Rev. J. F. Vallings (Nisbet); *Judaism and the Science of Religion*, by Rabbi Louis Grossmann, D.D. (Putnam's Sons); *Brands Plucked Out of the Fire*, by H. J. Ellison, new edition (Church of England Temperance Society); *Emanuel Swedenborg*, by John Bigelow (Putnam's Sons); *The Christian Conscience*, by the Rev. W. T. Davison (Woolmer); *Modern Miracles*, by Leila Thomson (Nisbet); *The Dawn of Day* (S.P.C.K.); *Daniel and his Times*, by the Rev. H. Deane, D.D. (Nisbet); *The Evolution of Ancient Hinduism*, by A. M. Floyer (Chapman & Hall), and *The Province of Civil Government in Relation to Religion*, by Absalom Clark (Elliot Stock).

We have also received *Usher Life*, by Francis Holte (Simpkin & Co.); *A Lombard Street Mystery*, a novel, by Muirhead Robertson (Blackett); *Joan's Adventures*, by Alice Corkran (Blackie); *Filled with Gold* (Blackie); *Terra Cotta Plays*, by C. M. Prevost (Smith & Innes); *Kephren, King of Egypt*, a play, by Edgar Hewitt (Wyman); *Freemen or Slaves*, by Ellen A. Bennett (Nisbet); *Friends in Need*, by A. M. F. Paget (Masters); *My Lady Bountiful*, by Caroline Birley (Smith & Innes); *Lost Chords*, by W. Moore (Parker); *Scraps by a Sailor*, by W. M. Crealock (Wyman); *Dr. Palliser's Patient*, by Grant Allen (Mullen); *Under the Deadars and In Black and White*, by Rudyard Kipling (Allahabad: Wheeler); *The Graysons*, by E. Eggleston (Edinburgh: Douglas); *The Hebrew Mother's Mourning*, by "Sigma" (Burnet & Co.); *A Handbook of Sydney*, by W. H. Hamlet (Sydney: Turner); *Classified Directory of Metropolitan Charities*, 1889 (Longmans & Co.); *A Military Map of Aldershot and Surrounding Country*, three-inch scale (Chatham: Gale & Polden); *Outlines of a New Science*, by E. J. Donnell (Putnam's Sons); a second edition of *Psychologos*, by Julia Goddard (Masters); *Thomas Carlyle on the Repeal of the Union* (Field & Tuer), and *the Report of the Astor Library for 1888* (New York: *Evening Post* office).

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